

FLICK



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THE
MAGAZINE
OF
EROTIC
MOVIES

THE "FIREWORKS
WOMAN" WAS
HOT TO TROT

"SEXTEEN"
NUBILE NYMPHS
ON THE MAKE

"NAKED CAME
THE STRANGER"—
FROM SIZZLING
BEST SELLER TO
X-RATED FILM

WHAT PORN
FROM THE PAST
CAN TEACH US

SONNY LANDHAM—
FROM PREACHER MAN
TO PORN STAR

CAN A BISEXUAL HUBBY
HAVE IT "BOTH WAYS"?
CANDID INTERVIEW
WITH STARS
ANDREA TRUE &
GERALD GRANT

FLICK

VOLUME 1, NO. 4

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Flick's Guide To Blue Movies

Rating system:

- * May be explicit, but who cares?
- ** Better than piss-poor, but hardly a classic.
- *** A good attempt to make you hot to trot.
- **** Superb, will make you want to come again and again!

Happy Days***

A late 50's nostalgia trip makes for explicit and sometimes humorous entertainment. Makes the period seem hotter than it was.

Heavy Load***

A day in the life of a horny truckdriver with a stand-out performance by Andrea True as a waitress. Explicit, humorous, good photography.

The Hottest Show in Town*** 1/2

Traditional circus acts with explicit sex added. Though some of the photography is too dark, one of the most imaginative flicks we've seen yet.

The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander***

Samantha McLaren has a field day portraying the happy hooker in a number of imaginative, sexually explicit scenes.

The Minor's Wife**

German film with atrocious dubbing about a miner and his wife who manage to screw everyone in sight—except one another.

Naked Came the Stranger*** 1/2

A wife cheats on her cheating husband. Excellent photography, humorous script, and some good performances make this several notches above similar fare.

The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*** 1/2

A husband has a private dick tail his wife with a number of clever plot twists thrown in. Very erotic with lots of humor.

The Second Coming of Eva * 1/2

A composite of Brigitte Maier's old shit before she struck it big in "French Blue." If you like the lady, you might find some redeeming value.

Sixteen ** 1/2

Extremely erotic love-making, despite ludicrous script and poor acting in this story of two lovers trying to cheat the Angel of Death.

Slip Up***

A mad scientist decides to take over the country with the aid of an invention which gives every man an unrelievable erection. Explicit and humorous.

Sometime Sweet Susan***

The erotic fantasies of a beautiful woman with a split personality. Too much time for sex and not enough for characterizations. Good attempt at quality.

S.O.S.***

Funny series of vignettes from the makers of *Screw*, many of them in impeccably bad taste. Educational in a kinky sort of way.

Wet Rainbow***

A married couple is obsessed with a young female student. Good for couples. Honest attempt to combine explicit sex with a storyline.

Wide Open Marriage ** 1/2

West German comedy about marital infidelity. Some very attractive people (the women particularly), but marred by bad dubbing and editing.

Airport Girls *

Although the sex is explicit, many of the people involved are amazingly unattractive. Very seedy, shoddy film with rotten directing.

Angel Number 9 ** 1/2

A male chauvinist pig dies, goes to heaven, comes back to earth as a woman to see how the other sex lives. Good idea but a bit weak in the delivery.

Both Ways ** 1/2

Honest attempt to deal with the subject of male bisexuality is often laughable in the wrong places. May be an eye-opener for some male viewers.

Charity Ball * 1/2

Good idea bombs out. A woman and her friends take up whoring to help support an ailing church. Explicit sex in tedious script.

Cheese ** 1/2

A photographer gets involved with the women he photographs. Good performance by Sonny Landham, but needs livelier script. Erotic.

China Girl***

Exceptionally erotic orgy scenes help make up for tired espionage plot. A secret Oriental society attempts to steal secret information.

Christie *

Deception, blackmail, incest in a totally despicable family. The scriptwriter should be hung by his you-know-whats. Forget it.

Confessions of an American Housewife*** 1/2

Mama comes to visit her daughter and finds the woman involved in wife-swapping, etc. One of the most enjoyable sex flicks around.

Danish Pastries***

Explicit sex comedy, almost in the tradition of a French bedroom farce, involving a mix-up of love potions. Pleasant entertainment.

Defiance***

A young girl is sexually brutalized by mental patients, but the worst is yet to come. Kinky sex for S&M types.

Fireworks Woman***

Excellent photography in a story that combines brother-sister incest, rape, sacrilege, sado-masochism, lesbianism, satanism, and a few other "isms."

French Blue***

Made Brigitte Maier a porno favorite. It's about the making of a porn film, with humorous vignettes to add more explicit spice.

Fringe Benefits***

Office morale is low until a young executive rams a few points home to the girls in the secretarial pool. Some laughs with explicit sex.

Letters to **INTERCOURSE** the Editor

I have been seething ever since viewing *The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander* on your recommendation as reviewed in the first issue of *Flick*. The film, as locally screened, was an optically altered and "cleaned up" studio production (not local cutting), and your failure to even mention the existence of this blatant rip-off version designed to play in Peoria is a too conspicuous omission. If your loyalties lie, as they should, with the consumer rather than the producer, then I urge you to exert regular and continuing vigilance over this kind of deal and to publicly cry the alarm wherever pertinent in your pages. All reviews should include a clear and uniform identification (no wordplay, please) of a film's explicitness level, whether softcore nudie, simulation, or bona fide hardcore. If different versions of a single title exist, you should so state. Each and every review should list the official running time of the film. The potential adult movie patron has better things to spend his money on than cheap tricks (for example, he could spend it on the next issue of *Flick*) and as long as you are representing yourself as catering to the consumer in his interest, I hope you will live up to this much needed promise.

G. S. W.,
Dallas, Texas

Most hard-core movies are made in several versions, and we have no way of knowing which version is "permissible" in your neck of the woods. Apparently, the exhibitors in your community feel that they will get busted if they show the original hard-core version. According to the Supreme Court, each community can set its own standards regarding what is pornography. Since you are a part of your community, we suggest that you band together with others who feel as you do and make your voice felt.

On our part, we would be glad to run letters from any readers who wish to contact other readers for the purpose of liberating community standards on this issue. (We realize that certain pranksters might take advantage of this service and send us letters using the names of people who have no interest whatsoever in this cause. Therefore, upon the receipt of any letter regarding the above, we will send back a form letter to be signed verifying the original letter.) I'm afraid there is nothing else we at *Flick* can do other than to aid readers—such as yourself—to band together for this purpose. There are numerous ways of opening up your own community. Letters to local district attorney, sheriffs, police commissioners, mayors, state representatives, etc. are helpful. But a group effort and the signing of petitions might be even more beneficial. After all, if the "anti-smut" crusaders can band together, why can't the rest of us? Box office receipts show that we're in the majority. And if one is interested in social causes, can one think of a better one than the freedom of speech?

I have just bought my first issue of "Flick" and have found it to be a very well produced magazine that devotes itself to the filmatic art of erotic movies. I am a black filmmaker and while I attended film classes in New York City I had the opportunity to work on the set of an X-rated movie. I learned more about filmmaking and the business of films than I did in any of my film courses.

After much thinking and not getting anywhere, in respect to my film career, I have given much thought to making my own erotic movie. Right now I am looking for a partner, any race, to help me in forming a film company and producing a film. It isn't very necessary that they have experience in film techniques but a good head for business and raising money would be helpful. I am not looking for an

investment of money, only an investment of time and ideas.

Good luck with your fine magazine.

Demi Moore
Downstairs Mail
167 W. 21st Street
New York, N.Y. 10011

Good luck! Who knows? Maybe we'll be reviewing one of your films one of these days.

Of all the girls that have appeared in your pictorials, Jenny Dover is the best. I'd give anything to spread those legs and eat her. I'd also like to see more of Barbara Bourbon (*The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*). The pictures of her were good, but you should have shown more of her face because along with her body, that's all she has going for her.

D. E. Miami, Florida

I hear Barbara also has a mind, but that doesn't photograph well. If she makes another movie soon, chances are good that we'll review it and you'll be seeing more of her.

I enjoyed your interview with Marc "10½" Stevens, although he sounds as if his ego is bigger than his cock. And while I'm on the subject of cock, his tool sure didn't look like 10½ inches to me. Of course, he was soft in those pictures, but even so...

R. L. P. Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sorry, I have never personally measured Marc's meat so I guess we'll have to take his word for it. Of course, it looks fairly large erect, but your guess is as good as mine whether or not it's actually 10½ inches (and how far back he measures from).

If you have a question or opinion relating to erotic movies, send it to Editor, *FLICK*, M. F. Enterprises, 257 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010. Names will not be used unless requested otherwise.

PORNOGRAPHY FROM THE PAST



By Dick Leitsch

■ Senator John Hughes, a member of the New York Legislature, used to introduce the same bill at every session of that assembly. He proposed to create a state library of pornography which would collect one copy of every "dirty" book, magazine, film and play script. Naturally, Hughes said, he didn't approve of such "filth," but the library would provide a center where lawmakers, judges, prosecutors and police officers could go, study smut, learn how to recognize it and thus, how to fight it more effectively.

Hughes' proposal never got off the ground. The conservative legislators were horrified at the very idea of the state exposing pure-minded judges and virginal young policemen to pornography. The liberals laughed. Why should the taxpayers build Hughes a smut collection? they asked. If he liked the stuff so much, let him spend his own money and build his own collection.

In a way, it's a shame the Legislature never created Hughes' library. The Senator was only trying to do the right deed, but for the wrong reason. There should be libraries of erotica, but they should be, like any other research library, open to all scholars and, in fairness, to the general public. Pornographic material (especially the hard-core variety) is extremely valuable to historians, novelists, psychologists, social scientists, and all students of human behavior.

Libraries, museums and historical societies preserve material which tells us how our ancestors made war, what they ate, how they dressed, what their homes looked like, their political opinions and battles, what kinds of work they did and how they did it. The only aspect of human

Pornography is invaluable to historians who wish to know what sex was like a hundred years ago.

Tavern scene from "French Blue" could easily have illustrated any number of episodes in pornographic writings of the last century.

life ignored by those institutions is the most important one: how our ancestors regarded love and sex, their ideals of love and beauty, and their attitudes toward the diverse forms of human sexuality.

There is only a handful of collections of erotica in the world. The most famous are in the British Museum, the Bibliotheque National in Paris, the New York Public Library, the University of Kansas and the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. Unfortunately, even scholars have a difficult time gaining access to these collections, and the greatest collection of all, that in the Vatican Library, apparently is open only to the Pope and his highest-ranking Cardinals.

Of these institutions, only the Institute for Sex Research set out to deliberately collect pornographic material. The other libraries got their collections through

accident and seem quite embarrassed about possessing them. Even though the librarians blush over their X-rated books, they know the monetary value of them and protect them well. Any library or private person with enough money to spend can buy a Shakespeare Folio or a Gutenberg Bible. Those books, while expensive, are not rare, but, as bibliographer Gresham Legman notes, "most erotic books of earlier centuries have disappeared almost completely, or are in the process of doing so." A single copy of Arentino's *Sonnets*, illustrated with the original pornographic woodcuts, is worth the price of a couple of Gutenberg Bibles. Nearly any pornographic book from the eighteenth or early nineteenth century is valuable, and some are worth as much as \$20,000 a copy. Even contemporary erotica quickly increases in value. We recently heard of a copy of Volume One, Number One of *Screw Magazine* changing hands for fifty dollars—which is not bad for a few sheets of newsprint which sold for fifty cents a few years ago!

Pornography has a short life span. The police raid the publishing offices, book shops and, occasionally, private collections the material. (For example, the magnificent erotic murals painted for the French royal palace by Francois Boucher were later sold to an American collector. The U.S. Customs office seized them as "obscene" and burned them! European collectors and dealers often refuse to send any of the classical erotica to America because of the well-known destructiveness of American Customs officers and cops. Europeans regard such people as the descendants of the English puritans who, in the 17th century, ran amok, destroying stained glass windows, ancient hymnals, priceless statues, paintings and other traces of "popery.")

Guilt, embarrassment and prudery also work to make pornography valuable. In his *Diary*, Samuel Pepys tells of buying what must have been a first edition of Milliot's *School For Girls*, a sex manual first published in 1655. He read it, he confessed, to expand his wisdom, but then burned it, lest to it his disgrace be found among his possessions after his death. Others discard erotica because it takes up too much room, because they're tired of it, or because something "hotter" comes along. Collectors die and embarrassed widows and children burn papa's collection. You'll find a lot of things in those old trunks in the attic, but it's unlikely that you'll find Grandpa's smut collection there—though, if you do, you probably have a gold mine. In the late eighteenth-hundreds, an estimated 100,000 erotic books were published each year in America, but almost none have survived. Between 1930 and 1935, a



Prior to such sexologists as Masters and Johnson, we could only learn about sex from the past in pornographic writings and drawings.



Certain porno writers in Victorian times stole characters from Thackeray and then filled out their sex lives.



Popular writers such as Dickens were forced to censor their language and give "poor girls" more acceptable professions than prostitution.

hundred or more erotic titles were published here in editions of two thousand or more copies each. Only forty to fifty of those books are known to still exist, and many of them are duplicates. Each is now worth a considerable amount of money.

Besides its monetary worth, what value does erotica have? Contemporary pornography has two reasons for being: education and titillation. We all know our parents lie to us about sex or, at best, gloss over details and leave out things we want to know. We know that the teachers in our "hygiene" or sex education classes prettify and romanticize sex. We ask, like the Victorian author of *My Secret Life*, "Do all men act as I act, feel as I feel? Does every man kiss, coax, hint smuttily, then talk bawdily, snatch a feel, smell his fingers, assault and win, exactly as I have done?" In the country, kids see the animals making it, watch the stallion get an erection and mount the mare, observe the cycle of life at close range. In cities, girls look at pictures of cocks and marvel at the miracle of erection, while boys study "split beavers" and both sexes wonder what sex is really about. Pornography educates them.

The other primary function of pornography is to excite flagging libidos. The old, the jaded, the handicapped, people whose sex lives would be over were it not for erotica, get from it a spark to their banked fires.

To the fetishist, pornography provides an outlet for fantasies which cannot, without courage, audacity, opportunity and disregard for consequences, be experienced in real life. Take a woman who "gets off" on the idea of being raped. It's far safer for her to feed her fantasy with pornography than for her to hang about the streets in hope of meeting a real rapist.

To the scholar, pornographic material mirrors the times in which it was written. As David Foxon, the former Keeper of Printed Books for the British Museum observed, "Erotic writings may give some insight into how people regarded a side of life which, though of importance to their life, is little discussed in their literature." Steven Marcus, a Dickens scholar as well as the author of *The Other Victorians*, reports that *My Secret Life* which has often been damned as "utter filth," is extremely valuable because it tells us "what did *not* get into the Victorian novel, what was by common consent and convention left out or suppressed." In *Our Mutual Friend*, for instance, Dickens censors the language of sailors and makes no mention of prostitutes when writing about the waterfront. The narrator of *My Secret Life* describes his visit with a friend to the same places, "among sailors, whores and working men—in an at-

PORNOGRAPHY FROM THE PAST

mosphere thick with Tobacco smoke, sweat and gas. . . . At one time I had a whore on my knee, and my friend another. We asked the women to bet which of us had the biggest prick, and the girls felt us outside quite openly."

In *My Secret Life*, the author tells of talking with a pretty, young whore in the Strand one afternoon. The girl tells him how she works to support a younger brother and sister, whom she locks into their hovel without a fire (so they don't set fire to themselves) during the day, while she walks the streets. A similar girl, in poverty just as extreme, who also locks the younger children up without a fire, appears with a similar story in Dickens' *Bleak House*—but she hires out as a washerwoman to make money. No doubt poor girls did both during the Victorian era, but we'd never know it if we didn't have the erotic and pornographic writings of the period to tell both sides.

For centuries, the church, the state, and

the other guardians of middle-class morality have maintained an "official view" of sex as rigid as the party lines of political dictators. The smut-hunters and book-burners assume the role played by Goebbels during the Nazi regime: that of preaching the "big lie" and opposing those who say it is a lie. Sex, the prudes would have us believe, is only permissible in marriage, and then only for procreation—never for pleasure. Premarital sex, masturbation, adultery, incest, prostitution, homosexuality, and other non-monogamous, non-marital sexual activity does not exist, except occasionally, when it might be found among decadent aristocrats or sick, perverted, sinful members of the lower classes, most of whom are not fit for much anyway.

Pornography publicizes the opposite view: in erotic writings, sex is good, varied, and most of all, fun. Pornography defiantly challenges the big lie: the

greater the effort to repress sexuality, the greater is the outpouring of pornography. When the prudes clamped the lid on sexuality in the Victorian era, pornography became one of the great minor industries in England. As Steven Marcus wrote, "For every warning against masturbation issued by the official voice of the culture, another work of pornography was published; for every cautionary statement against the harmful effects of sexual excess issued by medical men, pornography represented copulation *in excelsis*, endless orgies, infinite daisy chains of inexhaustibility; for every assertion about the delicacy and frigidity of respectable women made by the official culture, pornography represented legions of maenads, universes of palpitating females; for every effort made by the official culture to minimize the importance of sexuality, pornography cried out—or whispered—that it was the only thing in the world of any importance at all."

Thus, pornography is valuable for the same reasons that the Pentagon Papers, the Watergate tapes or Solzhenitsyn's *The*

Pornography flourishes whenever and wherever "moral guardians" attempt to suppress the truth about human sexuality.

Gulag Archipelago are important: as counter propaganda to the big lies preached by the establishment.

Naturally, pornography is propaganda. The world of pornography is a fantasy world, where all men have huge pricks and all women are sexually insatiable, where men can screw all night without losing either the desire or the ability for one more roll in the hay, and where sex is all that matters in the whole world. Unreal? Of course, but no more unreal than the prude's fantasy world, where women have no sex drives at all, where masturbation causes acne and blindness, and where sex is no fun at all, but merely something people do out of a sense of duty and only to make babies.

H. Spencer Ashbee, the great Victorian collector of erotica (upon his death he left 15,299 pornographic books to the British Museum) noted the value of "dirty" books to historians. Our knowledge of ancient Greece and Rome would be very limited indeed, he observed, had not the smuttier poems of the satirists been handed down to us. The writings of deSade, Mirabeau and other nobles of the period immediately preceding the French Revolution detail the depravity of the nobles and their attitudes toward the lower classes and help us understand the origin of that

(Continued on page 64)

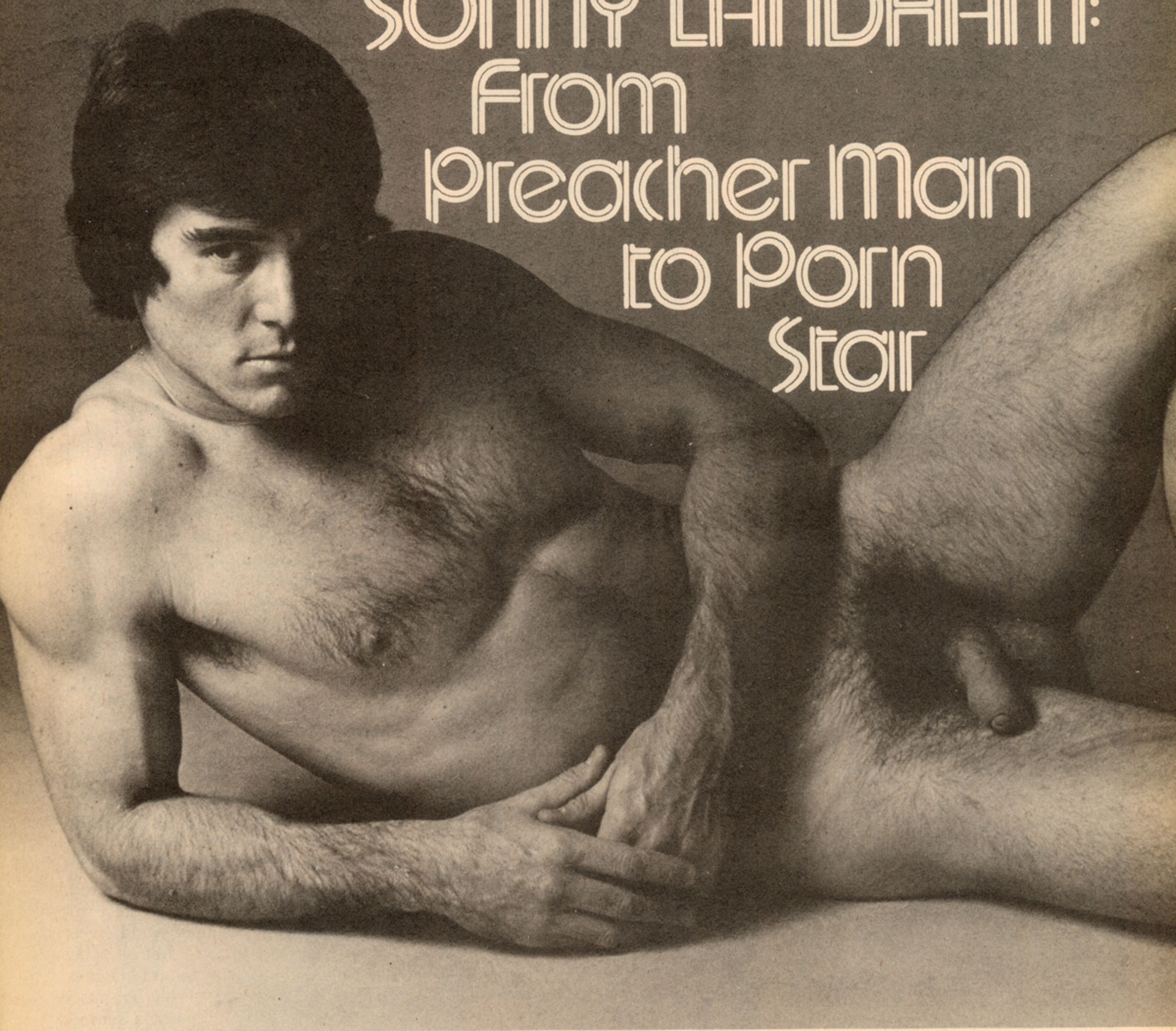


Police dragnets were as common then as they are now. Here a whore goes before a magistrate for sentencing.



Only pornographers wrote about the prostitution which flourished in Regency England. Here some whores divide the "wages of sin."

INTERVIEW WITH SONNY LANDHAM: From Preacher Man to Porn Star



■ How do you define a Sonny Landham? Is he a football player? A rock singer? A soldier? A Baptist preacher? A safecracker? A convict? An oil field worker? A model? An actor? A stuntman? A porn star? Answer—Sonny Landham has been all of the above.

How Sonny has been able to pack so much living into his 34 years is a mystery to some—perhaps even a mystery to Sonny himself. At times his life has read like an incredible soap opera, and not unlike a soap opera character, he has faced death more than once. Aside from his army experience, he has been shot at and wounded by the police. He was also

involved in a near-fatal auto accident. Upon recovering a year and a half later, he wound up back in the hospital following a serious injury in a freak fall.

**“One man’s progression
is another man’s
pornography.”**

But despite the bad times, Sonny has had his fair share of good times as well. After graduating from high school in Rome, Georgia, he was awarded a football scholarship to the University of Georgia, where he played quarterback. But after a year, he became disillusioned,

left school, and joined the Army. The Army, rather than teaching him to kill and to hate, inspired him to love his brothers. Soon he was ordained a Baptist minister and traveled through Tennessee and Kentucky preaching evangelism.

After a while he decided to return once more to school. Disillusioned by the hypocrisy he had witnessed in the ministry, yet unable to concentrate on his studies, he ultimately turned to crime. Safecracking paid off for a while but with unexpected dividends. He wound up in jail, and several years later, upon his release, he decided that crime had not paid well enough to risk losing his



freedom again. So he went to the oil fields of California, was disappointed once more, and turned to acting. How he progressed from legit roles to porn is discussed in the following interview. X-rated movie-goers have seen Sonny perform in such films as *Cheese*, *The Passions of Carol*, *Happy Days*, *The Switch*, and a number of others.

The going has never been easy for Sonny Landham, but unlike many of us, he has learned from his mistakes and has profited from his experiences. From the best of times to the worst, his life has never been at a standstill and today he continues to grow, to make progress, and to change.

Flick: How did you first get into making porn films?

Sonny: I hadn't worked a year and a half because of a car wreck—a blowout. And just when I was on my feet and ready to get back to work—damn! A freak accident. By the time I left the hospital and came back to New York from the Coast, I was down, dejected, and very low on money. I met a guy who was doing porn and he asked me if I would like to do some. I said, 'Sure.' So the first person he introduced me to was Leonard Kirteman. Leonard makes these 50 to 60 minute shorts. Marc Stevens was directing one for Leonard, and I was excited about doing it. It was great to be before the cameras again. I like to fuck and anything new always turns me on. Besides, when you make a fuck film you've gotta come, and coming is always pleasant. I don't care how you do it—whether it's jacking off, fucking or being blown. Al Goldstein has his Peter Meter in *Screw* and you yourself can register how good sex was. Let's say this one was a 99 and that one was only a

Sonny, as a political candidate, has a brief fling with Barbara Bourbon in "Pamela Mann."

"There's a certain segment of society who would like to put diapers on Romulus and Remus and Baby Jesus."

Sonny in a particularly erotic scene from "Happy Days."



42, but even a 42 feels good. Anyway, after the film was made I went to see it. I was pissed to find that I didn't get any billing, but then I watched it and said, "Thank God!" Don't get me wrong. I like Leonard and I would work for him again, but I think Leonard's era of making those one-day and two-day quickies is over.

Flick: How do you feel about being in orgy scenes?

Sonny: Everybody's head is not into orgies and I wouldn't enjoy an orgy every fuckin' night. I wouldn't want to have one 24 hours a day. But I think that orgies are like a chocolate mousse with extra whipped cream. You think—gee, I would like to sit down and eat a ton of these things, but after a while they get—ooooook. But filming an orgy scene is like sex with laughter.

Flick: What does that mean?

Sonny: Sometimes you have to joke around because you can't take what's happening seriously. For example, I worked with this one little girl. First, I walked onto the set, took one look at her and said, "Goddam, this is what I gotta fuck? Damn, that's the biggest pussy I ever seen. Put your clothes back on, woman." Something like that. Anyway, we were loosening up, getting to know one another and she said, "You're so different." I said, "Different? How different? I know you've worked with Marc Stevens, 10½. Now you're working with Sonny Landham, a quarter of an eighth. He's the biggest, I'm the smallest. Is that what you mean?" She said, "You're laughing. You're making a joke out of this whole thing." I said, "Well, isn't it? Is somebody serious here? You got someone who says he's a director and he ain't even in the room. There's a sound man who doesn't even know what a tape recorder is. What's serious about this?"

Flick: Do you generally approach sex scenes in such a light-hearted manner?

Sonny: Yes, I take things light and easy. I mean—if you're getting ready to have sex, you wouldn't walk in and say, "Now take off your clothes, lay down on the bed, throw your feet up in the air and hold your ankles with your hands." You just can't do that. A sex scene should be an enjoyable moment. It should be as much fun as possible because there ain't no way that it's going to be the greatest date in the world. I mean, you've just met the girl you're gonna fuck for the first time and it's important that she likes you. You've got to love one another—or at least, love for a moment. So you have to try to create a relationship as fast as possible. There's gotta be a love there, a feeling there, enjoyment there. The screen shows whether or not you're enjoying it, and if you are, the audience enjoys it too. If you're not, the audience doesn't enjoy it.

Flick: How do you feel about sex in your private life?

Sonny: My whole feeling is that with anybody you go out with, you should completely give of yourself and satisfy them. And I hope that their whole thought is to satisfy me because that's the only way that sex is good. I don't think sex should be selfish in any way. And the ultimate thing is coming together.

Flick: But what about pickups or one-night stands?

Sonny: Okay, a guy goes into a bar (and believe me, I've done it—I'm no different from anybody else) and the drunker he gets, the better she looks. And for that moment he's in love; he really has feeling for that person. He could almost marry that person and—and he's horny. He ain't been laid since 1910 and got no prospects, and so here's his chance. So he grabs it. Drunk out of his mind, he gets his rocks off. Maybe later he's thinking—how the hell am I going to get her out of my apartment? But at the time, there's love there. I would hope that I never go to bed, have a quick bang, and then we both go and forget about it entirely the next day.

Flick: In making porn movies, do you find it difficult screwing on cue?

Sonny: Sex is mental and it's all concentration. A lot of times there is confusion on sets and people don't know what they're doing. When the time comes to do a hard-core sex scene, generally the best thing in the world is to cool the lights, get everybody away who isn't directly involved, get the two people together, get them in the mood for one another, and let them get it together. The director shouldn't be shouting, "C'mon, c'mon, get it up! Jesus, we missed that come shot. Take a five-minute break and we'll shoot it again." Well, that's the mentality of some of the people who are shooting these films. They don't realize

that sex is a matter of concentration and if they give people a chance, they'll do what comes naturally. And in a relaxed situation—whether there are 10,000 people looking or no one—it'll happen, it's animalistic.

Flick: But some people have trouble performing.

Sonny: Sure, if you go onto a set thinking, "Gee, can I get a hard-on? Can I get it up?—You'll never get it up. You have to be relaxed and with the right atmosphere. Sometimes you must create the atmosphere, but you can do it if you remember that sex is mental. After all, you don't get a hard-on if you're cooking steak for dinner. If you were sitting here writing an article under pressure, you

He has to use his emotions and his mind controls them. Whatever I program my mind to do happens.

Flick: Not everyone is as successful as you at performing. What can happen if a guy can't get it up?

Sonny: I agreed to do the ending orgy scene in *Defiance* for Armand Weston. There was this one guy there. In every set he's been on, I've never seen him get it in yet. Well, it was the last night of shooting. They were over the budget, they were running out of money, they were running out of everything. The leading lady, Jean Jennings, had chains on her legs and her legs were up in the air. There were three or four guys working on her. She was uncomfortable and she was com-



wouldn't be sitting here with a hard-on. You must concentrate on what you're doing at the time.

Flick: Does concentration help if you have to fuck a woman you're not attracted to?

Sonny: I've been in that position. You may find yourself working with a real battleax and broads, too, can have the same complaint. But Jesus, the worst she's gotta do in that situation is to get that jar of vaseline open and spread her legs. But a guy has to fall in love with the girl and if he can't fall in love with her, he damn sure better be replacing her in his mind with somebody else. He has to shut everything and everybody else out of his mind and concentrate on falling in love.

Sonny, wearing shirt, in orgy scene from "Defiance."

plaining. So I said, "Man, one more in this scene ain't gonna hurt it." So I went over, grabbed a chair, told her to set her legs on it and I would hold them. It worked and she got comfortable. Meanwhile, Armand had told this kid, "Get over there. You're going to ball her." The kid was having trouble getting it up, and one of the best blowjobs in the world got to work on him. Finally, he got it up, got it in his hand, and started crying, "Oh, oh, oh, I got it up! I got it up!" like a 10-year-old kid with his first all "A" report card: "Look, Ma. I got an 'A'" So Armand said,

"Stick it up," and the kid jumped on her. The clumsiest action I've ever seen. You'd think the guy was getting his first piece of ass. Naturally she screamed, "Ohhhh! Does that hurt!" The next moment, the kid is down on his knees crying, "Damn, damn, I lost my hard-on!" Never could get it back up. His problem was that he worries about it, thinks about it because it preys on his mind.

Flick: Maybe it takes a certain talent to be able to perform before a camera?

Sonny: Well, some people are good at it and some aren't. Some of these filmmakers think they can just grab someone off the street and save money by doing it. There was one filmmaker who hired this husband and wife to make a porn film. It was the first time for both of them and he couldn't get it up for shit. She was no help. She said something to him that chopped his balls off. I knew then he'd never get it up. So she got so pissed off that at one point she bit him. He went home and was pissing out blood. Let's face it—doing a sex scene is not one of the best circumstances for making love.

Flick: No matter how well you perform, can't too much sex wear you out?

Sonny: When I did *Cheese* I went through six girls in two days. When you go through 12 or 15 hours of working each day you get frustrated, tired, cramped, irritated. Acting, not even sex, takes a cool, calm, relaxed atmosphere. As for sex—even at home you need a calm atmosphere. You don't want to see people screaming, yelling, and fighting with one another and then have to fuck at the same time. You know what I mean? But in spite of these things, I was able to go ahead and do it.

You see, I can get turned on by just being in front of a camera. I'm not bored, I enjoy it. I don't say it's the way I would plan a day or a night for exciting sex, basically because I don't know where some filmmakers dream up some of the positions they want you to screw in. Nobody, but nobody would ever fuck in some of those positions because many of them are so damned uncomfortable.

Flick: Do you think camera angles and lighting are responsible for these odd

positions?

Sonny: Not necessarily. These people never think about our comfort. It doesn't bother them to have the girl on her head and you balancing on one finger in some awkward place.

Flick: What sex position is your favorite?

Sonny: I use different positions at different times, depending on where my head is at, but I don't think there's ever been one better than the old missionary position. Sure, it's groovy to change and use other positions; they're fun at times. But I think the variety, the excitement comes from relating to another person. I mean, sex is a mental and emotional thing, too. I'm not saying, don't be imaginative. But basically, the missionary position is the most comfortable.

Flick: Why do you think people are sometimes hung up about fucking on the screen, or for that matter, fucking, period?

Sonny: What's with fucking? It's an animalistic thing. Why would people be hung up? But they are. They're on trips

"A lot of little bastards who make these films get closer to the broad's snatch than the camera does."

that their mothers put them through. They're told not to play with themselves or they'll go blind. All this, that, and the other. What they never think about is that their mothers fuck. And when they get the wind out of their jaws and think about it, they would realize I'm right or they wouldn't be here. Everybody's mother fucks, so why should there be a hangup about it? Why should people be so embarrassed? I saw a TV interview the other night about the last two Marines who were killed in Vietnam. The attitude of the parents was: "My son was there, serving his country, doing what was right." Now, if they had heard that their son had knocked up a girl and that he was fucking, they couldn't have taken it. But they could live with their son having died in Vietnam as a soldier. I'd rather know my son was fucking than getting himself killed. But that's the American way.

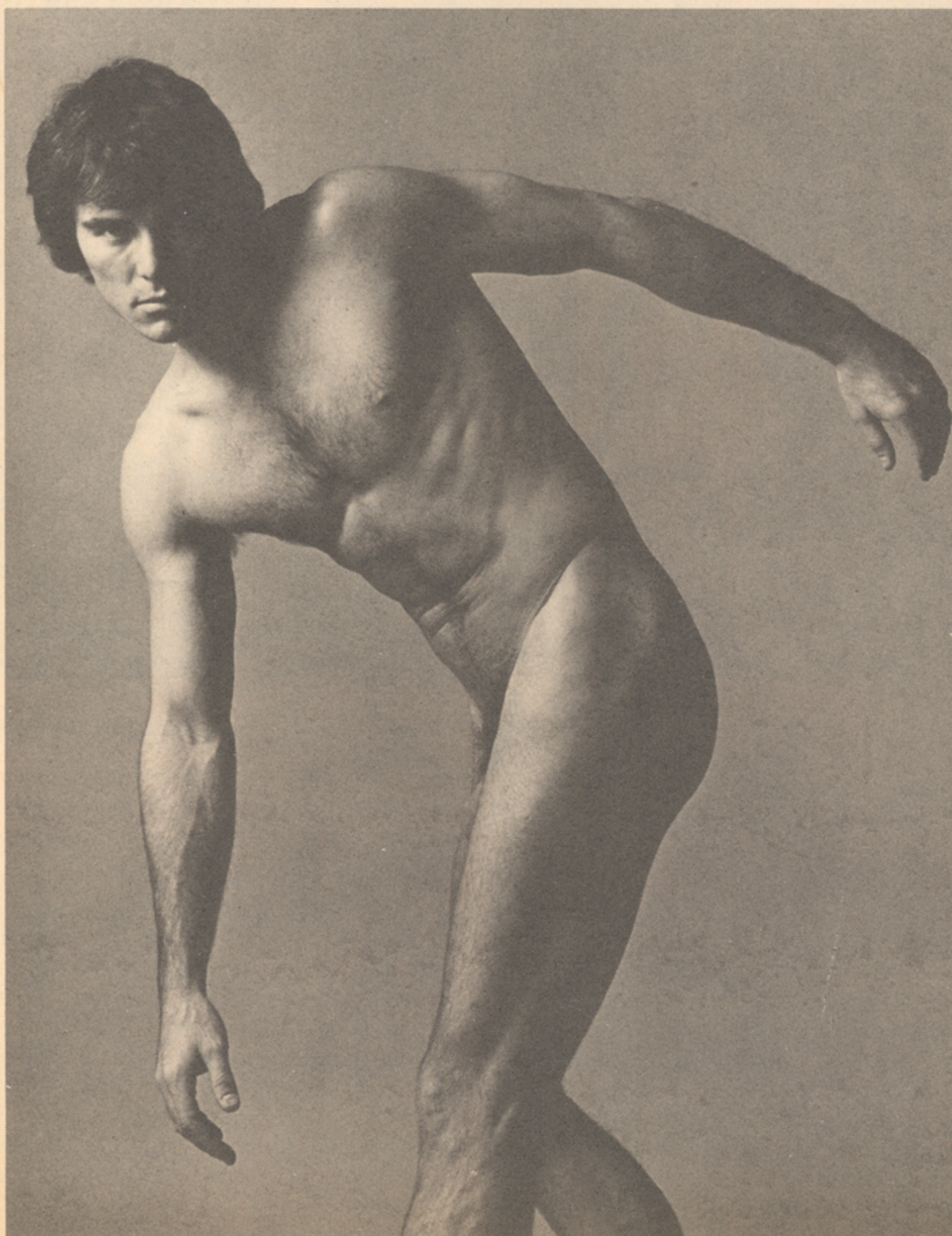
Flick: You've gone through many changes in your life. You were ordained a Southern Baptist preacher. Why did you give that up?

Sonny: How did I change? Because I studied, because I read. I cannot read Acts or read Paul's writings without finding out that Paul was gay.

Flick: A closet queen?

Sonny: No, Paul was an extrovert homosexual. He was also black. And he had a hangup about being black. But these are things that they don't teach you

(Continued on page 60)



EROS '75: SEX RIP-OFF OF THE YEAR

Purported to be a "sex fair," this entire disaster was recorded on film—so watch out!



By **DICK VALENTINE**

■ The Eros '75 Sex Fair, held in June at New York's sleazy Hotel Diplomat, should have been sponsored by fundamentalist clergymen and other "smut" haters. Never before has so much effort been put into making explicit sex so repugnant. Never before have so many people with ugly, underdeveloped breasts and penises bared them in public. Never before have 2,000 people—promised a joyful festival of sexuality—been so disappointed, so ripped off by cynical and incompetent exploiters.

If modern puritans had any sense they'd abandon their present tactics of petitioning the police to raid massage parlors and X-rated movies. They'd halt their efforts to rid the streets of prostitutes and give up their campaigns against "obscene" literature. Instead, they'd hire Michael Luckman and Mitchell Hammer, the duo responsible for the Eros '75 fiasco, to produce similar events all over the country. There could be no surer way to turn everyone off sex.

A tall, pot-bellied man with long, greasy, matted hair falling—from a

The Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Diplomat had seen grander days and its present shabbiness was all-pervading.

receding forehead—down his back, Luckman has gone through socialism, the civil rights movement and the peace movement. Having failed to exploit any of those trends to his own advantage, he's now out to make a name for himself in the porn business. Hence, his promotion of himself as the "Sol Hurok of Sex."

The late Mr. Hurok was able to whisk the Bolshoi Ballet from Russia to New York, put them on the Ed Sullivan Show at



This attractive young lady (left) represented a booth featuring the works of Jon Stevens, whose major achievement in the art world seems to be painting people silver (right).

7 p.m. and get them back to the Metropolitan Opera House by 8:30. Luckman, with several dozen acts waiting in the wings, couldn't even keep his own show moving. There were no hints of any effort at organization, preparations or planning. Things at Eros '75 just happened—or, more often, didn't happen.

Mitchell Hammer, who was billed as "Technical Coordinator" of the sex fair, spent most of his time posturing on the stage, yelling at the paying customers. "Clear an aisle through there!" he would bark. "I want everyone from here on over to pick up their chairs and move! Now move! he commanded with all the charm and good nature of a Gestapo officer. If they wanted aisles, why the hell didn't they arrange the folding chairs that way to begin with?

The promoters had rented elaborate sound equipment for the evening. Apparently neither the "Technical Coordinator" nor anyone else knew how to operate it. They did, however, discover the volume control and, whenever someone wanted to look efficient, he would turn the sound up more. By evening's end the entire audience (that is the hardy masochists who stayed until the end) sat with their fingers in their ears, protecting themselves from a rumbling

din that sounded like the voice of God in a Hollywood epic, the blast of Gabriel's trumpet and the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Neither did Hammer have any luck with the lights. During those rare periods when something was happening on stage, the light was as dim as in a brothel. In the interminable pauses between acts, two or three blazing arc lamps were usually focused so they blinded the audience.

Eros '75 was supposed to be a sex fair offering booths displaying and selling erotic material, live sex acts on stage, a bevy of porn stars wandering through the audience, and the gala distribution of "Tonguey," the alleged Academy Awards of the porn industry. Eros '75 was actually a gigantic, chaotic rip-off.

The evening began badly, with disorder at the box office. The lobby of the rundown hotel was filled with people who had made reservations, but their reservations had been lost. The ticket-sellers had even lost our press tickets. "You'll have to see Mr. Luckman," they said. "Where is he?" we asked. "Oh, he's inside. He can't come out."

After half an hour we finally got a message inside and the situation was ironed out. Bad luck. We should have gone home and watched the rerun of the

Mary Tyler Moore Show.

The ballroom of the Diplomat holds 1,500 people. When we arrived inside, some 2,000 fat, skinny, old, young, attractive, ugly, freaky, square-looking people were jammed inside the seedy room. Outside, the box-office people were still grabbing \$15 from all comers and sending in more people. Inside, the ballroom resembled a cattle car, or a train to Auschwitz.

There seemed to be three porn stars on hand, although several may have been trampled to death before our arrival. Mark (10½") Stevens and Helen Madigan, both naked except for head-to-toe silver paint, go-go'd on stage while a bad rock band made noise. Peter Berlin, star of several gay fuck films, wandered about in the same old tight white trousers and black leather vest he's worn for years. As usual, he spoke to no one but simply stood about, fingering his crotch until he attracted the eyes of some bystanders to the bulge there. Then he'd move on to treat another section of the room to a glimpse of himself.

On either side of the ballroom were the booths. At one of them we were invited to have our photo taken with naked, silver-painted Jon Stevens. Another, staffed by men, most of them gay, touted the erotic

possibilities of having one's self covered with tattoos. Across the room Jo Ann Audrey sold copies of her erotic poems. Someone else hawked paintings and drawings, most of them representations of cocks. The most interesting booth was sponsored by Pink Pussy Cat Boutique. There was displayed a vast array of vibrators, cock rings, artificial vaginas, chastity belts, whips, restraints, oils, cremes and other toys, including a life-sized, inflatable plastic man complete with a 12-inch penis (\$19.95). Their best seller was their beautiful, profusely-illustrated catalogue, which cost \$3. You can get one by mail for \$4 (the extra buck is for postage) by writing to Box 421, Rego Park, N.Y. 11374. The booths were the best part of the Sex Fair—and the only thing Luckman had nothing to do with, other than to charge a high price to anyone wishing to have one.

Between the platforms where the booths were located stretched the huge expanse of worn, pitted dance floor. For this occasion it was filled with uncomfortable chairs. The ticket-sellers were still grabbing money and shoving more people into the place. It was impossible to get near the booths, to walk across the floor, or even find an empty chair. People just stood around, waiting, hoping something would happen.

After what seemed an eternity, the bad rock band stopped making its noise, the silver cock and tits of Stevens and Madigan flopped off the stage, and Luckman appeared to announce a male beauty contest. The man running it was singularly unpleasant, with an obnoxious, whining voice and an even more repellent approach to what should have been a fun event. Apparently one of those male camp-followers of the feminist movement, he denounced the Miss America pageant, then proceeded to patronize, ridicule and embarrass the few brave males who had entered the event.

Presumably he meant to do a satire on the way Bert Parks treats the Miss America contestants as sex objects. Unfortunately, he overdid it, proving once again that people often become just like those they hate most. Finally, the guy's act turned into a nasty little psychodrama in which he seemed to be projecting his own insecurities, fears and lack of masculine identity upon the contestants. He made feeble jokes about the way the contestants stood and walked, their musculature or lack of it, the sizes of their cocks, and their masculinity. With a witty emcee, the act could have been amusing; with this pathetic guy, it was depressing. We moved into the bar, then to the balcony, to see if anything was happening. Nothing was.

Later, we found out we'd missed something. Artist Larry Rivers and his friend, Michael Ader, had climbed on stage and taken over. Ader camped with the contestants in a phoney French accent, dropped their pants, and wiggled their cocks. Two young porn groupies, they say, fought their way to the stage and went down on the winner—one in front and the other in back. We were sorry to have missed that, the only sex at this pathetic sex fair.

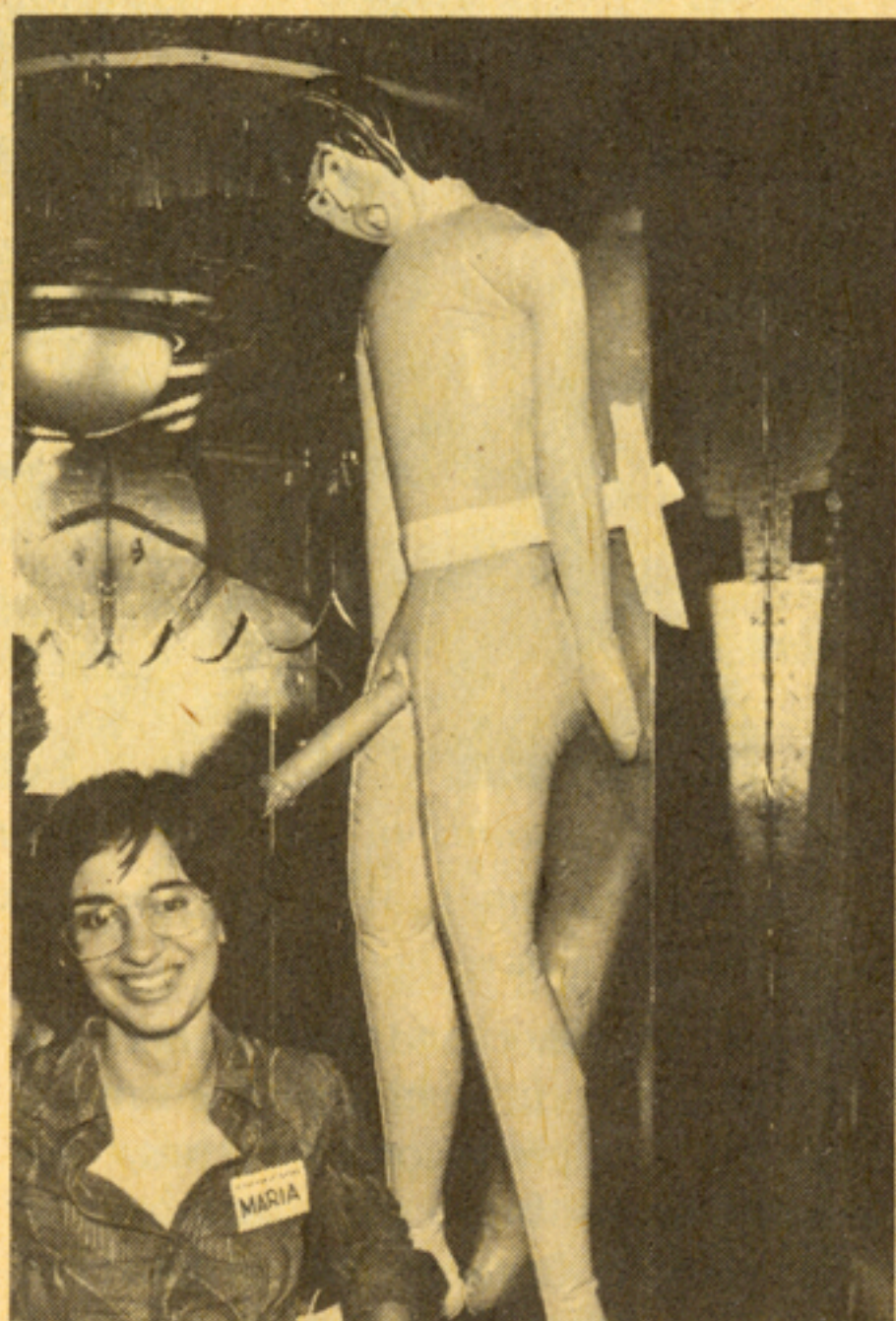
Afer the contest ended there was another long, boring period during which nothing at all occurred. Finally "Kumquats" began. It turned out to be a smutty little puppet show full of jokes which might have titillated an adolescent or shocked a maiden aunt but only bored everyone at the Diplomat.

Then—you guessed it—came another

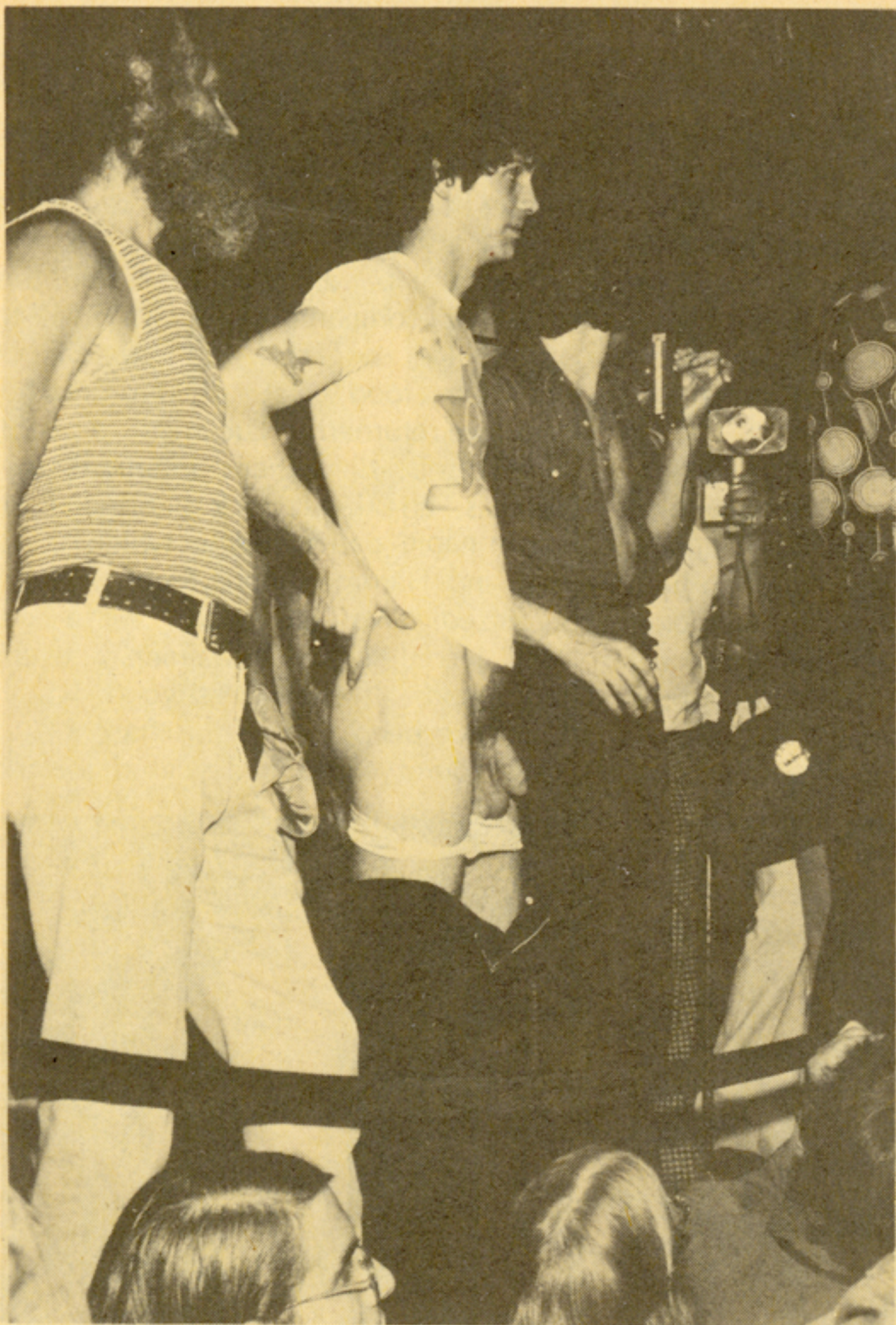
long pause in the proceedings. By now, there was no room to move in the ballroom. Everyone sat, or stood, and waited for something—anything—to happen. Someone had a fit of some kind and had to be carried out. The rest of us were not so lucky.

Having skipped dinner to attend this thing, my companion and I decided to depart for an hour in search of wholesome food to eat and air to breathe. When we returned to Luckman's disaster, all we'd missed—a friend informed us—was Isis, an all-girl rock band and an interminable pause during which Luckman and Hammer tried, feebly, to get organized. "Was Isis good?" we asked. "Ha!" jeered several bystanders and our friend said, "If they were good, would they have been part of this fiasco?"

We found chairs and waited for the



One of the more interesting booths featured posters, dildos, plastic life-size sex dolls, love lubricants, and erotic toys from the Pink Pussy Cat Boutique.



Numerous contestants in the male "beauty contest" dropped trou at various times. With the above exception, most of them shouldn't have bothered.

next act. Hammer had just turned the amplifiers up full blast. The music consisted of pre-recorded tapes, apparently taken from some rock music radio station. Boring. We all put our fingers in our ears and complained, which at least broke the monotony and gave us something to do. Slides were flashed on a screen. Unfortunately, the projector was out of focus and Technical Coordinator Hammer had the stage lights up. Perhaps the photos were sexy—nobody could tell.

After 28 minutes of nothing, Luckman scrambled out on stage and announced somebody whose name we didn't catch. The person's claim to fame seemed to be—from what we could make out of the mumbled, over-amplified introduction—his penchant for dressing up in funny clothes and attending news-making events such as Mohammed Ali's Zaire fight.

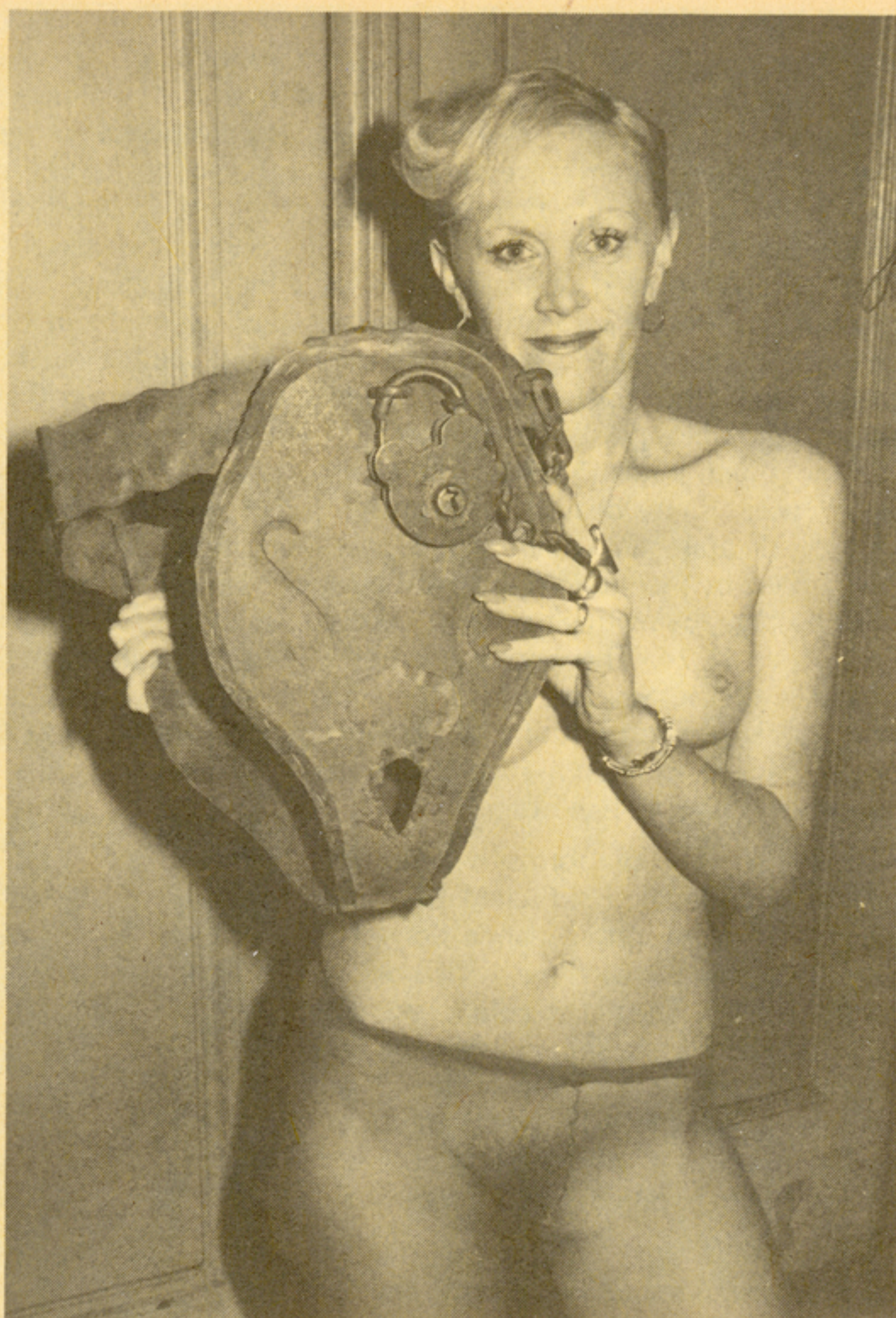
Curtains which seemed to be made of either old bed sheets or rumpled shower curtains were stretched across the stage. The sound system blared something by Villa-Lobos. Three women moved awkwardly to center stage. There they postured, stumbled about and waved chiffon, sequined tissue and other filmy fabrics. Apparently one of them, a flat-

chested Negro in whiteface, was supposed to be the new slave in a harem. She got sort of naked, as did the two other women, and they dyked it up for a minute or two. There was not the slightest hint of eroticism or talent.

Suddenly the "star" himself bounded on to the stage. Presumably he was supposed to be the master of the harem, but he came on more like one of the eunuchs. His act consisted mainly of popping balloons and of waving, wearing and fluttering lengths of exotic fabrics. Whatever story the "ballet" had—assuming there had been one—got lost as this black clown got carried away with himself, ignoring his costars and swishing, twinkling and strutting about the stage. The "dance" never ended; when the tape reached the end of the music, the company simply left the stage.

The underwhelmed audience responded with an overwhelming silence. The "star," undaunted, bounced out on stage for a curtain call. "You're boring!" a loud voice shouted from the audience. Soon there was a chorus: "Let's get on with it!" "When's something going to happen?" "God, what a rip-off this thing is!"

The "sheik" bowed and smiled as



Porn actress Erica Eaton displays a chastity belt in some pre-fair publicity shots. Coordinators of the Eros 75 disaster should be sentenced to wear such belts permanently.

though he were being bravoed at La Scala. Luckman, who was now on stage, too, and who had his money and didn't seem to care whether anyone was having a good time or not, proceeded to bring out the three girls from the previous act—one at a time. The crowd booed each of them, and even the masochists were now shouting, "Enough! Enough!"

Before the crowd could turn into a mob and lynch Luckman on the spot (I would gladly have pulled the chair out from under him once the noose was tied), he pacified us by promising that next we'd see a scene from the long-running Off-Broadway musical, "Let My People Come."

Five or ten minutes later the cast took their places on stage. They waited. We waited. Luckman ambled around the stage for awhile. Hammer came out and fumbled with the lights; departed, then returned in order to play with the sound system. Another ten minutes passed. The crowd shouted "Get on with it!" We clapped in unison for a while. Luckman ignored us. Hammer glared at us once or twice, then vanished.

After another eternity, the skit began. A woman instructor was teaching a class of

(Continued on page 58)

Naked Came The Stranger

There's no double standard when it comes to cheating . . .

Darby Lloyd Rains as Gilly, the sex-hungry wife.

□ In the realm of porn, *Naked Came the Stranger* is superior to most X-rated flicks. It's well-photographed, well directed, and occasionally, well acted. There are some marvelous comedy touches, particularly at a masquerade party scene, and its leading lady—Darby Lloyd Rains—has never been photographed to such good advantage. The director is obviously aware that it is difficult to find perfect human specimens to perform in porn, but through skillful photography he is able to make the entire cast look their best, while maintaining (and enhancing) the film's erotic content. The close-up shots of fucking, cunt-lapping, cocksucking, and all those other fun things people do when they get together are lovingly filmed by someone who feels that sex can and should be beautiful.

I have long believed that there is something unintentionally humorous about watching two people grunting, groaning, groping, and grabbing one



another during sexual union. (It's a different situation if one is actively involved.) However, Harry Paris (the professional name of Radley Metzger) films sex with such a loving eye that none of it seems ludicrous. Of course, there are a few scenes done strictly for laughs, and these are as successful (and oddly enough, as erotic) as the others.

The plot is loosely based on the book made popular a number of years back by Penelope Ashe. (You may recall that no

such woman ever existed, but the book was actually the work of a number of male and female journalists who each wrote a chapter.) The book was a satire on sex novels in general, and much of the satire is missing from the movie. Yes, there are many comic bits and pieces and the whole film is handled with a light-hearted approach, but one would hardly call it satire. It is, in essence, just another fuck film, but done with a bit of style and panache.



Billy (Levi Richards) seduces "Love Bunny" (Mary Stuart)

Christina Hutton chats with a suit of armor at a costume party.





Darby makes love to another faithless hubby, Gerald Grant.

One of the funniest bits of business involves Christina Hutton as a gossip woman at a masquerade party. Throughout the party, she runs her mouth continuously for the enlightenment of a man dressed from head to foot in a suit of armor. Or is she simply gossiping with the suit of armor? There is no indication that anyone is inside of it.

Another amusing episode during the party scene concerns a female friend of Gilly's going down on a waiter in the wine cellar. Gilly decides that she, too, would like to go down on someone and picks up another waiter, who happens to be a trifle

Naked Came The Stranger

The plot of the film is simple. Gilly finds that her husband Billy is cheating and decides that two can play that game, so she sets about seducing every man in sight (all of whom are also married). Ultimately she seduces her husband's girl friend. The girl friend immediately falls in love with Gilly and decides to dump hubby and leave town, rather than face her new obsession and the complications it would entail. Gilly gets hubby back again—at least until the next time he decides to philander.

Levi Richards, a handsome, hairy-chested dark-haired man, portrays Billy. (You may remember his scene with Georgina Spelvin in *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*.) He is as adept at acting as performing. This, unfortunately, cannot be said of Mary Stuart, who portrays his secretary-mistress, known as "Love Bunny." Miss Stuart is adept as a sexual performer: her love-making with Richards and the lesbian duo with Darby should convince anyone of that. But her line-readings of a juicy part leave a helluva lot to be desired, and one has difficulty understanding why Billy should cheat on Gilly because of her.

There is one very funny scene with Miss Stuart, however. While she and Richards are making out on a couch and she is describing in baby-talk terms what he is doing to her little "thingie" or "hole" or whatever, Gilly is listening—and masturbating—in the hallway outside. Whatever Billy does to "Love Bunny," Gilly does to herself with some hilarious results.

Billy and "Love Bunny" practice Kama Sutra positions.





Billy finds it difficult to satisfy both his mistress (above) and his wife (below).





*Gilly decides that two can cheat
as well as one.*



*Gilly's seduction of "Love Bunny"
ultimately saves her marriage.*



Naked Came The Stranger

gay. Gilly, on her hands and knees, pulls on the bored waiter's cock, talks with it, pleads with it, does everything to get it hard. She is determined to be unfaithful to her husband, but alas . . . zero!

Gilly's next experience is equally unsatisfying. She invades the office of a friend's husband. Gilly knows the man is into the S&M scene, so she brings along a bag of tricks: whips, paddles, etc. and requests the man to "punish" her. The man (James Charkus) becomes so aroused that he loses control and Gilly makes a narrow escape.

Next Gilly pursues another married man (Alan Marlo). He is an uptight, conservative businessman, so Gilly rents a double-decker British bus and proceeds to

seduce him as the busdriver heads down busy Fifth Avenue. By this time Gilly is beginning to become adept at the art of seduction, and soon concentrates her attention on another friend's hubby (Gerald Grant—interviewed in this issue for his leading role in *Both Ways*). She tells Gerald that being with him reminds her of a silent movie. An instant black-and-white silent movie with sub-titles replaces the color. After the two lovebirds have dinner served in the center of an empty ballroom, they dance an overlong tango, and wind up in bed. (I personally believe these tango scenes are getting rather tiresome. Italian director Bertolucci started the craze in *The Conformist* and later in *Last Tango in Paris*, and now everyone in the world seems to be doing tango scenes to death—and frankly, the lesbian tango scene in *The Conformist* is superior to all of them. Hell, why not a bolero for a change? Or a hot rhumba?)

At any rate, that entire scene could benefit from some sharp editing on the

part of the filmmaker. The final scene between Gilly and Billy, reunited again, could also be shortened somewhat since it closely follows the long lesbian duo between Gilly and "Love Bunny."

Actually, however, all of the love scenes will be shortened since *Naked Came the Stranger* is being released in certain communities in a soft X-rated version. If explicit sex is lacking in the version you see, don't blame the filmmaker or the distributor. Blame those "moral guardians" in your community who make it impossible for you to see erotic films in their original versions. Remember, you're part of the community too, so start speaking up for your rights and let community leaders know how you and your friends feel.

But enough editorializing. *Naked Came the Stranger*, though lacking the bite of the book (in which Gilly sets out to revenge herself upon all unfaithful husbands) is superior to most porn products and will probably do exceptionally well at the box office. ○



"Love Bunny" falls in love with Gilly and decides to leave Billy.



Gilly gets her faithless husband back again for the final sex scene.

S.O.S.

Screw On the Screen

■ Anyone who has ever seen a copy of *Screw* and is acquainted with the antics of publishers Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley may find *S.O.S. (Screw On the Screen)* entertaining and educational. Most of the movie is done in impeccably bad taste as can be expected of the *Screw Two* (or gruesome twosome or the "original" odd couple).

The opening credits show a particularly dumb-looking blonde doing a striptease to 1950's-type "sleaze" music. At the end of her performance she gets a pie thrown in her face. Next, Big Al himself (a chubbychaser's dream) is seen standing in front of a makeshift cave (littered with animal bones) and belches forth some mumbo jumbo about how all of us are still stuck in caves due to the puritans among us. Enough of that shit.

We are next handed some *Laugh-In* type quick sketches, followed by Jim Buckley comparing 1950's porn with the hot stuff of today. We witness the immortal (and amazingly ugly) "Weedhead"—the pinup hag of '50's smokers doing her thing with several heavily disguised men. This, followed by

some of the attractive porn stars of today, is indicative of how far we've come (or how much they've come).

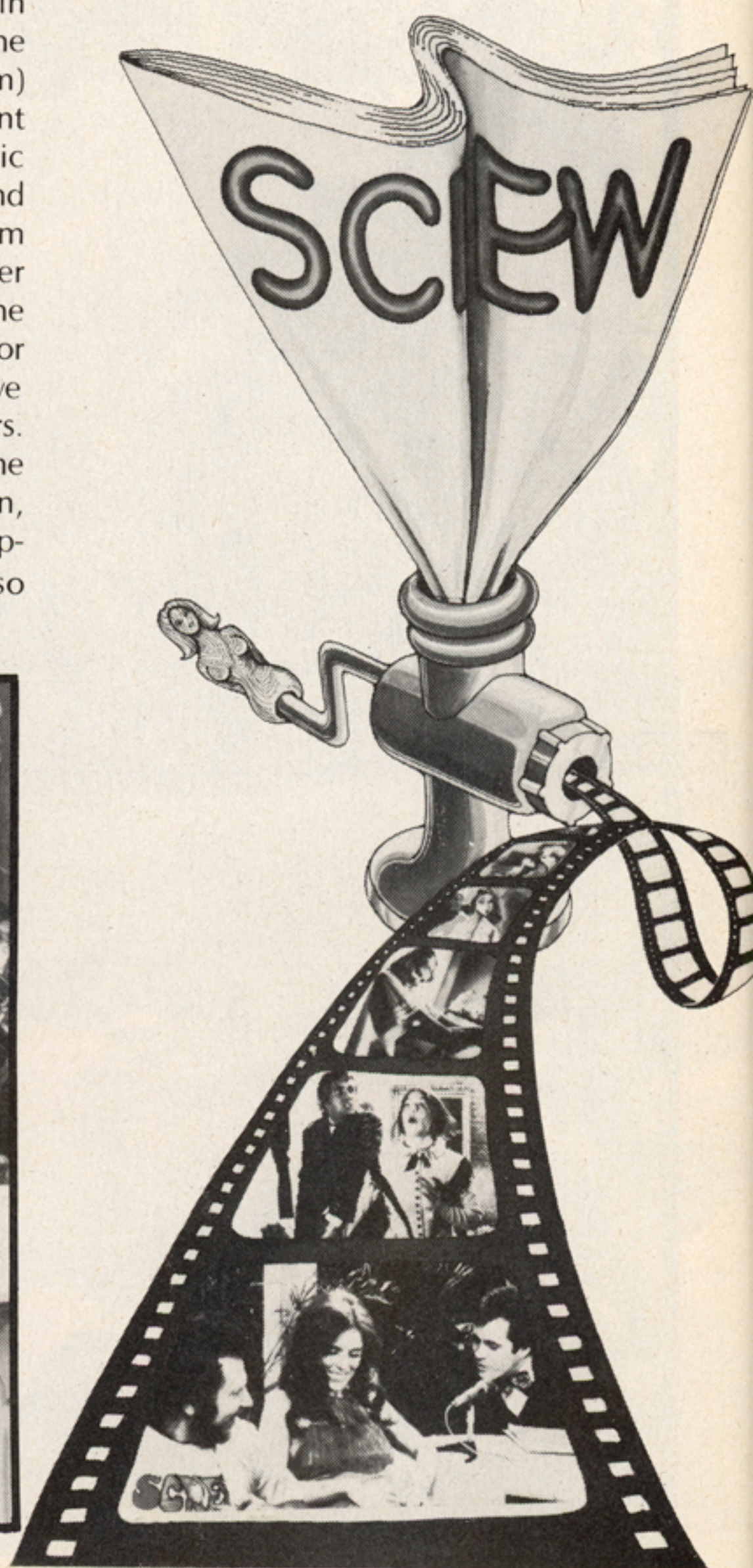
A few smaller interludes with cameo appearances by a number of well-known porno stars follow. Next Al discusses the international importance of his Peter Meter rating system and shows clips from *The Hottest Show in Town*, Gerald Damiano's *Portraits*, and *Wet Rainbow*.

Jim reappears to introduce two segments, one dealing with sexuality in Victorian times, the other with the present. The first (done as a silent film) casts Helen Madigan as a coy, reluctant virgin being pursued by an amorous Eric Edwards. Naturally, vice triumphs and after much persuasion and exhibitionism on Mr. Edwards' part, Helen can no longer resist. The second segment—with the same two people in modern dress (or undress)—demonstrates how casual we have become in the last hundred years. After the couple has steamed up the bedroom with their sexual carryings-on, each quickly dresses to keep other appointments, sexual ones, that is. And so on.

A hodgepodge of comedy, freakiness, "Screw" philosophy, and good old-fashioned sex.



In "Tonight Show" take-off, Jody Maxwell proudly displays her honey pot.



The next episode of S.O.S. deals with tattoo freaks—both men and women—who get a charge out of elaborate designs pricked onto their bodies, often in the most unusual places. Spider Webb and The Shadow is the name of the man and his company who specialize in these tattoos. We witness people getting their cocks, balls, asses, and tits undergoing the needle. (If you're adverse to needles, it's time to heave your lunch or, at least, head for the john during these scenes.)

But the next act makes all the tattoo shit seem conservative. We are introduced to "The World's Dirtiest Lady"—Miss Honeysuckle Divine. Believe me, she is!

Honeysuckle is a tired looking bleached blonde with a little-girl's voice and the most amazing twat in America. Years ago, she read an article in *Screw* by Dick Leitsch recounting the exploits of a Frenchman called "Le Petomane" who managed to channel and control air flow in and out of his ass. He was able to fart rhapsodies, perform unusual stunts, and totally amaze his French audiences. Well, Honeysuckle, having read the article, decided that what's good enough for an asshole to do is good enough for a cunt.

And so, my friends, she has mastered the art of blowing out matches, candles, smoking cigarettes, bouncing walnuts across a crowded room (she calls this stunt, "popping her nuts"), and playing "Blowing in the Wind" on a flute—all with her cunt. In between these amazing stunts, Honeysuckle gives little asides to



Helen Madigan portrays a demure virgin to Eric Edwards' lusty Victorian gentleman.

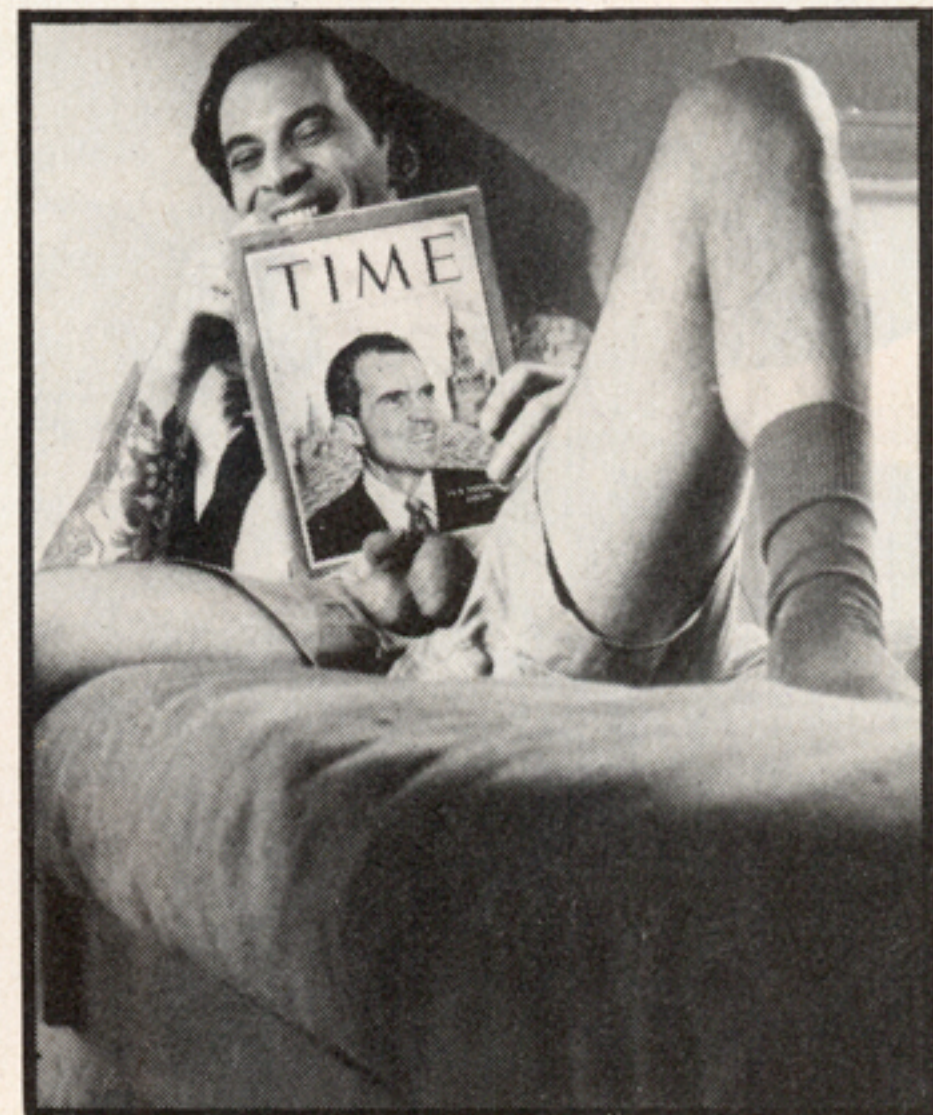
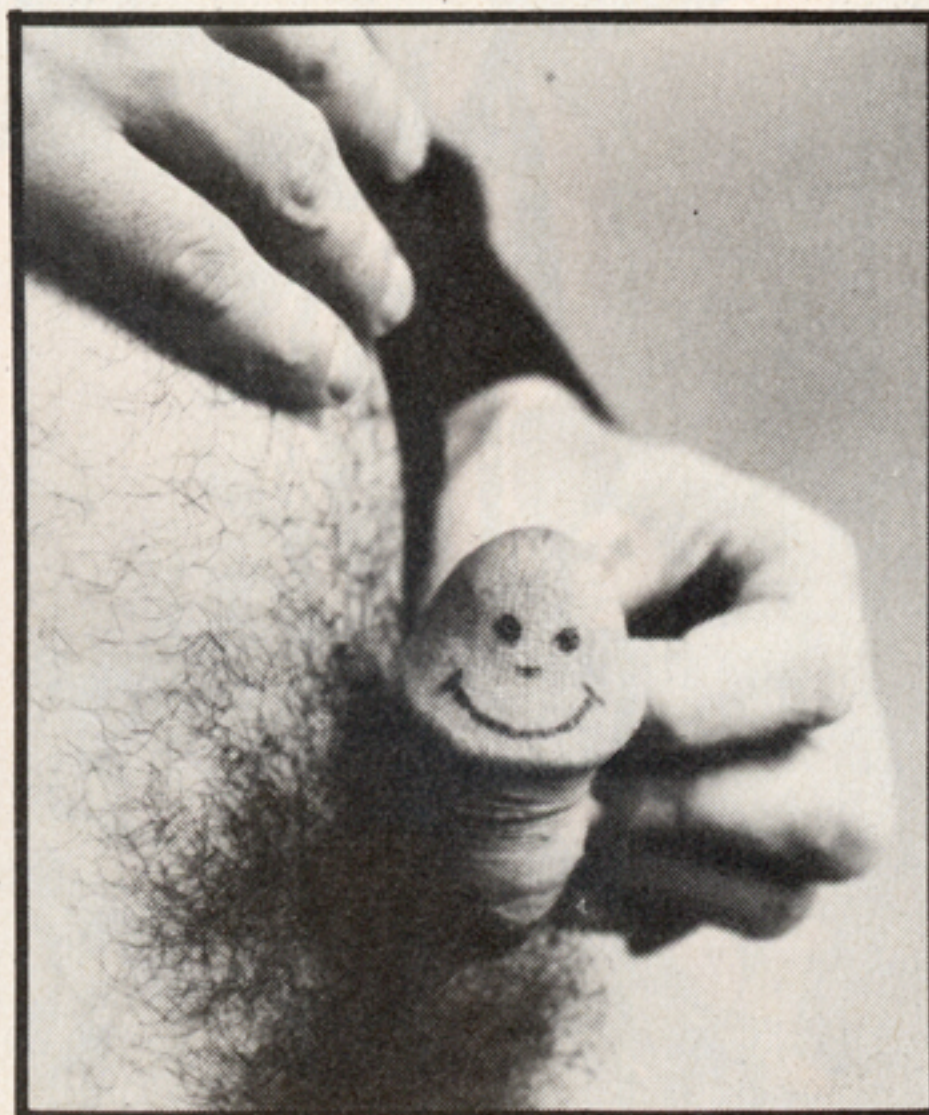


the audience, such as "We're gonna have a jack-off contest and the loser gets me. I don't want the winner 'cause he's already got it off." Honeysuckle also entertains the enthralled spectators by pouring half a bottle of Jergen's Lotion up her snatch, screams loudly, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" and then proceeds to shoot gobs of the lotion several yards into the air. She pulls a similar stunt with face powder, giving herself a rather pasty looking cunt once the powdery clouds clear. (I've heard it said that some of the male viewers are unable to look their

wives in the face—or elsewhere—for three weeks after seeing Honeysuckle Divine. No wonder.)

Frankly, it's difficult for any act to follow Miss Divine's, but Jody Maxwell, billed as the "singing cocksucker (or stick licker) from Missouri" succeeds admirably.

In a spoof on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, Buckley and Goldstein put on a talk show of their own, their set an erotic copy of Mr. Carson's. The star attraction is lovely, red-haired Miss Maxwell, who proudly displays her lovely and unusually



Don Allen is a tattoo freak. Some of his tattoos are found in eye-opening places.

S.O.S.

shaped twat. Next, she is called upon to display her oral talents with a "volunteer" from the audience—Don Allen (who has previously appeared in several other scenes). So Mr. Allen whips it out and Jody proceeds to go down on him, giving him one of the most spectacular blowjobs yet seen on the blue screen. Between sucks, she informs the audience exactly what she is doing with her mouth, her throat, her tongue, and her teeth. "Cocks are like gods to me," she happily observes.

But why is she called the "singing cocksucker"? Frankly, because she is so adept at her oral proclivities that she is able to do just that—sing while sucking. Although her rendition of "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?" will hardly cause Bette Midler to leave town, one must take into consideration that Jody is singing with her mouth full. This particular talent may be singular and a trifle peculiar but it sure beats some of the acts on the old *Ed Sullivan Show*.

Like all good talk shows, this one is interrupted by commercials, one in which Melissa Evers, the dumb-blonde stripper in the beginning of *S.O.S.* (remember her?) advertises a product called an "Accu-jac." This electrical gadget is fabulous for lazy masturbators since it does all the work automatically. But Melissa Evers' delivery is a take-off on all those local yo-yos who insist on ad-



Melissa Evers gets pie thrown in her face at the end of the above striptease. Later, she does a harebrained commercial for "Accu-jac."



vertising their own tacky products on the air to the dismay of television viewers everywhere.

There are other vignettes we don't have space to mention. Though *S.O.S.* is a hodgepodge of comedy, freakiness, Screw

philosophy, and good old-fashioned sex, it holds your interest throughout. It was obviously produced on a limited budget, and in certain scenes the camera angles are not what you would like them to be—particularly if you groove on closeups of vaginal penetration. The fault lies not with the cinematographer but with the number of cameras available for use. Some of the scenes themselves are static as a result of this.

Goldstein's cave—a crumbled paper affair—was particularly ludicrous. Even inexpensive papier-mache would have been much more convincing—if Jim Buckley (writer and director) and his handsome brother David (producer) had taken the time.

A few of the comedy vignettes were strained and unfunny, but for the most part, *S.O.S.* has enough intelligence behind it to keep from boring everyone to death. I don't know how Al Goldstein will rate *S.O.S.* on his Peter Meter, but I don't think it deserves 100 per cent (which, knowing Al, it will probably get anyway). I definitely recommend it to my readers, particularly since Honeysuckle Divine and Jody Maxwell are each worth the price of admission (assuming any movie is worth five bucks. But then, I'm cheap and wouldn't pay five bucks to see Jesus tap-dancing across the Mississippi).



"Laugh-in" type sketches abound such as these.





Jody Maxwell loves exposing her joy box, but her real talent is singing with her mouth full.

Below, one of the comedy routines geared to produce a few chuckles.



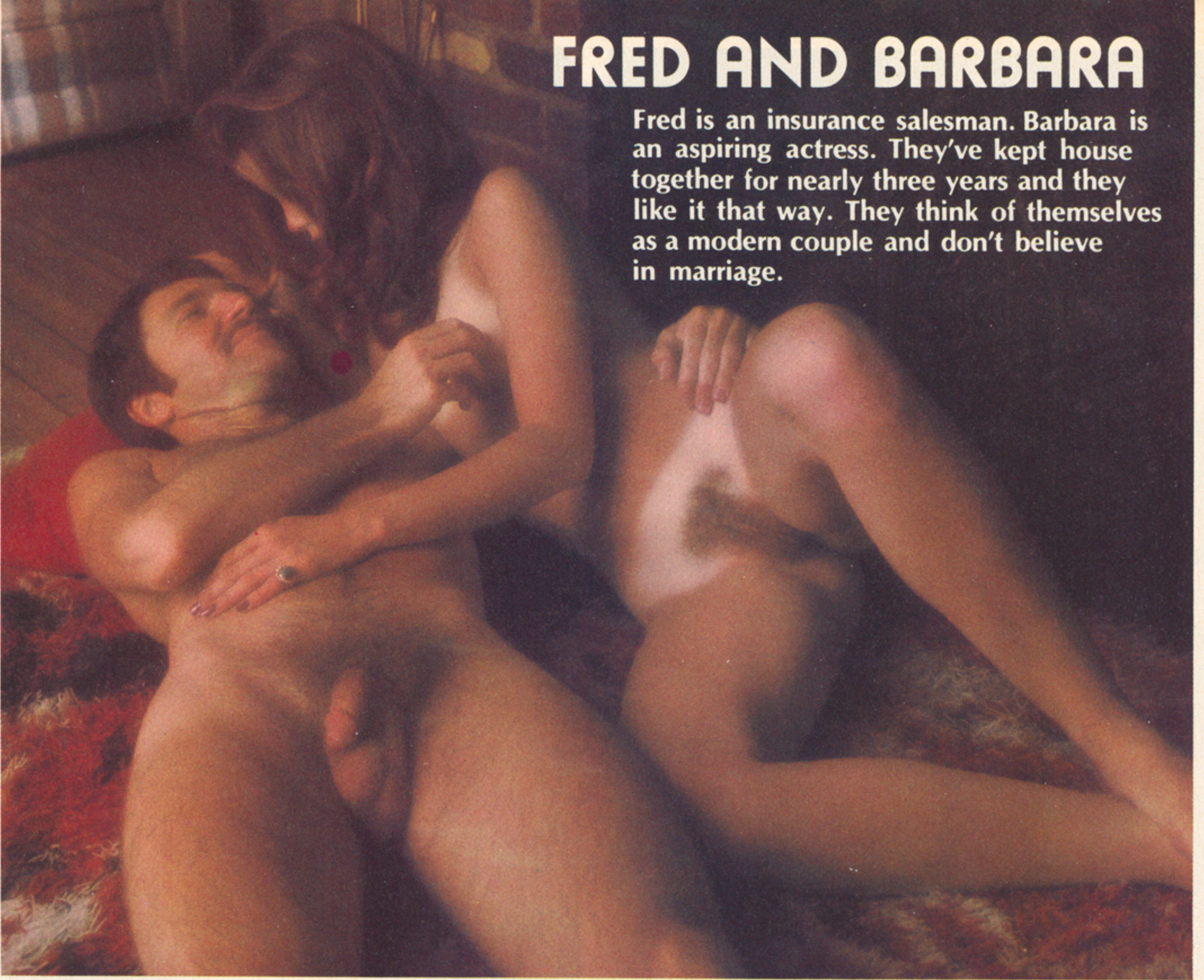


Helen Madigan plays a Victorian virgin on the verge. Eric Edwards is her ardent suitor.



FRED AND BARBARA

Fred is an insurance salesman. Barbara is an aspiring actress. They've kept house together for nearly three years and they like it that way. They think of themselves as a modern couple and don't believe in marriage.





Is sex still as good as it was when they first started shacking up? "You'd better believe it," laughs Barbara. "In fact, I think it's better," adds Fred. "We're not as self conscious. We've learned to experiment and try all sorts of different positions and different ways of making love. We've both benefited a helluva lot from sex. When two people know each other as intimately as we do, it carries over into the non-sexual part of our relationship. It makes us more open, more honest in other ways."



Maureen Riley

Maureen is a big-hearted Irish lass with a mission in life: to save as many stray dogs and cats as she can from extinction. When she isn't modeling or acting, she spends the time finding homes for her animal menagerie. She's had as many as twenty-five animals living with her at one time. "Doesn't that put a dent in your social life?" we wondered. "It can," she said. "But most of the guys I fool around with love animals, too." How can she make love to a guy with all those animals around? "Easy," she smiles. "I just shut the bedroom door."





**STARLET
OF THE
ISSUE:**

LORRAINE LANDOVER



"I have special talents," says luscious brunette Lorraine Landover, "aside from my acting. You see, I like making men happy, and that's why men enjoy making me." Lorraine shares a large apartment with three other girls, two fellows, a cat, and a chimpanzee. "We're all one big happy family," she reports, "and whenever things start getting dull, we all have each other to lean on—if you know what I mean." She winks broadly to drive her point home. "So you like group scenes?" we ask. "Sure, sometimes. But sex with one guy you care for can be even better. Then I really let myself go and groove with it. It ain't easy finding a man who knows exactly how to please a woman. But when I do, I hold on." Is there anyone special in Lorraine's life at the moment? "No, there are a few guys around who are good in the sack, but I want more than that. Security, honesty in a relationship, strength. If you know anyone like that, give him my number. He won't be sorry."









SIXTEEN

In this porn fantasy, two people try to ward off Mr. Death by making him horny.



Jamie Gillis is determined to work his way into Gwen Starr's panties.

Lolita keeps herself amused while Mommy and Daddy are away.

■ *Sixteen*—as you can deduce from the title—is a movie that attempts to cash in at the box office on a potential audience's thrill at seeing nubile young women—teenagers—cavorting in various sexual situations. Well, in truth, among the eight women on hand, two actually look young enough to pass. But are two enough to justify the come-on title? I don't think so, but perhaps some of my hornier readers will.

Sixteen looks as though it was filmed over a two-day span. The script, what there is of it, is atrocious. The actors and actresses mouth their words as though they were instructed to improvise but had no idea what they were supposed to be improvising. The acting is particularly bad. Even seasoned performers such as Jamie Gillis and Sarah Nicholson seem uninvolved, lost, uninterested. However, this quickie film, obviously intended to



SIXTEEN

make a quickie buck, still manages to be highly erotic. How, I asked myself, did that happen? Particularly when many better-quality porn films are sexually dull. The answer is rather simple. The makers of *Sixteen* made use—for the most part—of new people. Fresh faces and fresh bodies are alone enough to wake up a reviewer who sees dozens of fuck films, most of which feature the same porn “stars” over and over again. How many times can a person see Marc Stevens, Georgina Spelvin, Harry Reems, Darby Lloyd Rains and a number of others without getting bored?

Of course, for the viewer who sees only one or two porn flicks a year, this is not a problem. But for tired old me, *Sixteen*, despite its poor quality, was at least fresh (basically) in the sexual marathon department.

The story concerns an attempt by a man and a woman to ward off the Angel of Death. Jamie Gillis and newcomer Gwen Starr are joyfully frolicking in bed when Mr. Death pops in with a long list of people whose times are up. Both Jamie and Gwen are on the list and are having too much fun fucking to succumb without a struggle. Mr. Death, they learn, has not had sex in the last five hundred years, not even a hard-on. If the two of them can manage to arouse him, he gladly agrees to let them off the fatal hook.

So Jamie and Gwen begin to tell him erotic stories to accomplish their goal, all of which—naturally—are acted out before our eyes.

The first tale concerns little Lolita. When Mommy and Daddy are away, she decides to dress up in Mommy's Fredericks-of-Hollywood gear, apply a ton of make-up to her youthful face, and fuck herself with a dildo. She is in the throes of orgasmic pleasure when Daddy returns unexpectedly. Poor Lolita is embarrassed beyond belief to be caught thus—with a dildo up her snatch. But her handsome Daddy tells her she mustn't be upset. Sex is the most natural thing in the world and it's healthy for her to be curious about it. Naturally Lolita is grateful to Daddy for being so understanding, so grateful in fact that she starts undoing Daddy's vest. And Daddy, on his part, wants his darling daughter to learn about sex the “right” way so he decides to teach her.

Thus Lolita begins her education by sucking on Daddy's “beautiful” big dick. Next, he licks her tantalizing twat and orders her to stick his cock into it. She readily complies, and before long they're fucking up a hailstorm. When Daddy comes, he pulls out—he wouldn't want to



She says “no” but she means “yes” in this pseudo-rape scene.



Clarissa's lesbian friend (left) believes Clarissa (below) needs some sexual experience before her wedding day.





Clarissa appreciates a helping hand.

It's tough being a French maid in a house filled with sadists.

make his little girl preggie—and she sops it up like honey. Then he advises Lolita that it would be unwise to inform Mommy about the details of what has just taken place, and Lolita agrees to keep it secret just so long as Daddy agrees to do it to her again—and again—and again.

Meanwhile, back in the bedroom with Jamie and Gwen, Mr. Death is still as soft as he's been for 500 years—in his head as well as his cock—so the couple decide to tell him another little fable.

In this one, a man in Central Park catches the eyes of a hip-undulating female. To prove that she is aware of him as well, she takes off her panties, which, surprisingly, has her address printed on the back. Our hero follows her home, follows her inside, and . . . "No, no," she screams. "Don't rape me! Don't fuck me with that big hard cock!" Of course, if he had backed off, she probably would have murdered him, but that's beside the point. He proceeds to fuck the hell out of her and naturally she loves it. How this episode constitutes a story is beyond me.

Apparently, it doesn't constitute much of a story for Mr. Death either. He is about ready to cast Jamie and Gwen into the pit when they plead to tell him another tale.



All right. Next we have Clarissa's wedding day. She is about to be married to a gay, middle-aged bore, and her best friend—a terrific-looking black chick—feels that Clarissa needs a little sexual experience to give her comfort on those long, cold nights ahead. So after doing a horny number on herself with a vibrator, the black chick and Clarissa perform a lesbian duo scene. Lo and behold, Mr. Room Service enters with a bottle of champagne—and a frothing cock as well. Just what the girls need—a handsome stud with a handsome dingaling! The three work up a storm and . . . end of

story. I might add, in passing, that the dialogue in this scene is sufficient to set porn back about three hundred years. The black chick utters lines such as, "My yearning cunt screamed to have her pink tongue lick the tip of my rock-hard clit." Seriously. (The funniest thing in this vignette was the fact that the bride-to-be wore three-inch platform heels underneath her wedding gown, which gives you a good idea of the *class* production *Sixteen* is.)

Well, back to Jamie, Gwen and Mr. Death. Mr. Death has his tiny peter out by

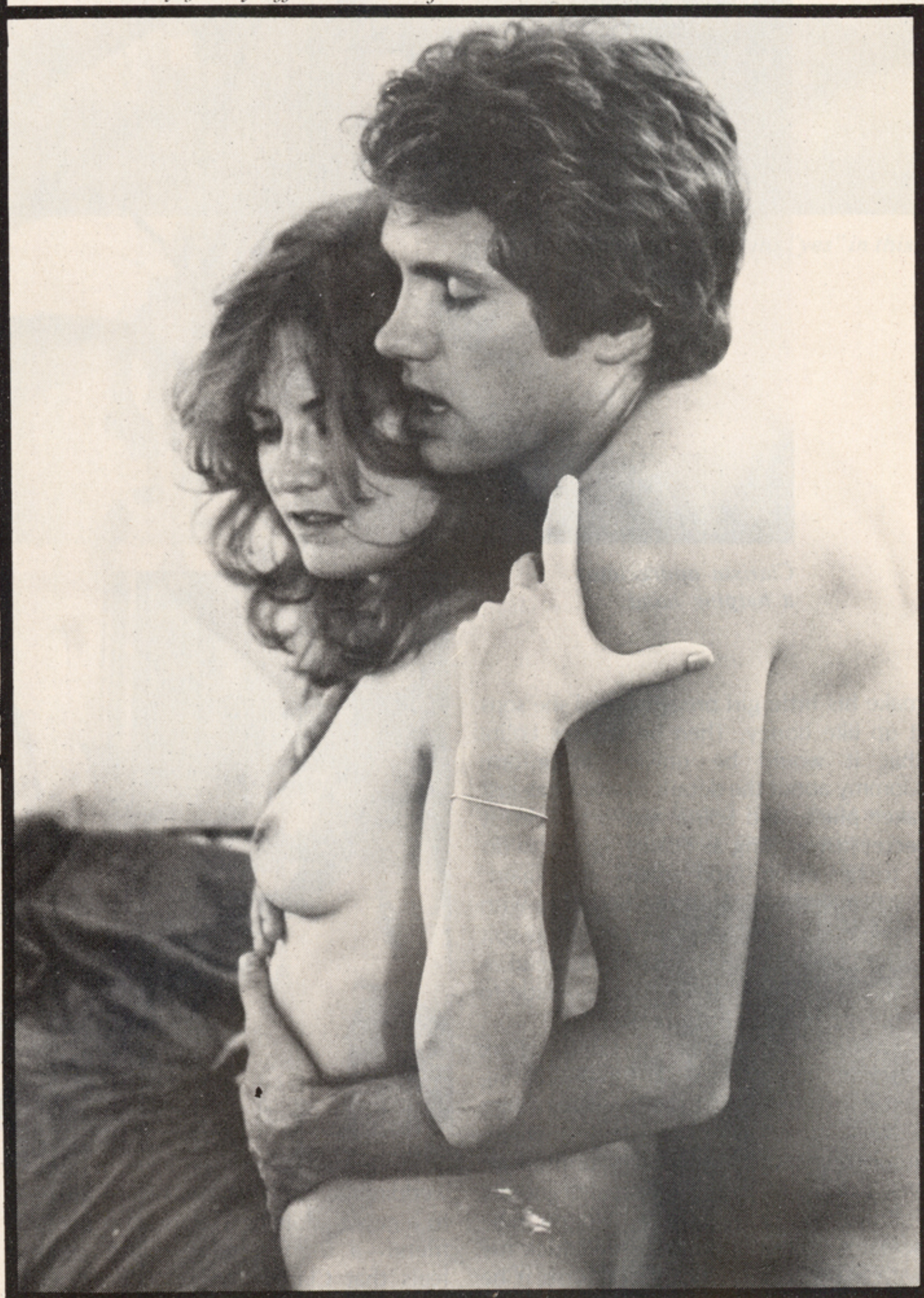
(Continued on page 66)

FIREWORKS WOMAN

The family that lays together
stays together.



Angela (Sarah Nicholson) and Peter (Eric Edwards) carry family affection a bit far.



■ In order to compete in the porno field, certain filmmakers are attempting to find new ways of shocking the sensibilities of their audiences. *Fireworks Woman* is a prime example, in which incest, sado-masochism, rape, and sacrilege are some of the erotic ingredients.

Angela is sexually obsessed with her handsome brother Peter, who happens to be a Catholic priest. Although Peter feigns reluctance, he is easily seduced, but naturally feels guilty as hell afterwards. The truth is that he desires voluptuous Angela as much as she desires him. But his first love is the Church and he refuses to give in to her lust a second time.

Peter believes that if she can wrap herself up in her work, she will be able to live without him. So he seeks employment for her as a maid in the home of one of his wealthy parishioners, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth is a kinky broad, to put it mildly, and loves to get involved in S&M scenes with her boyfriend Roger. Angela is too delectable for either of them to resist, so they initiate her into their love-making rites.

Elizabeth decides that in order to be a good servant Angela must learn obedience, so she forces the girl to urinate into her eager hands. Next, a little whipping takes place, plus a generous dose of cocksucking and screwing. Everyone has a grand time, except for Angela, who still yearns for her humpy brother.

She leaves Elizabeth's employ to do some soul-searching and self-contemplation aboard a sailboat. Unfortunately, she has little time to make any radical decisions because she falls overboard. But as luck would have it, she is fished out by two vacationers in another boat, Celeste and her boyfriend. Celeste, a well-stacked brunette, finds



Peter's love for his sister Angela is complicated by the fact that he's a priest. (And you think you have problems?)





Angela is taught "discipline" (above). She learns how to throw an orgy (below).





The orgy is the talk of the town since the entire town is present.





Peter (not shown) turns out to be the only orgy pooper.



FIREWORKS WOMAN

blonde Angela irresistible, and when a threesome ultimately develops, can't wait to get her tongue into Angela's sopping twat. Of course, Celeste's boyfriend doesn't want to be left out of the fun and games, so Angela graciously sucks his balls while Celeste swallows his pulsating cock. Next, he flings Celeste to the ground and screws the hell out of her.

Yet poor Angela remains unfulfilled through all these carryings-on. She still dreams of the one man in her life. Peter, and she knows that without him nothing else matters. She also is becoming aware of her own unearthly attractiveness to others. Men and women both seem to find her totally irresistible.

While she's pondering the reason she inspires so much lust in others, she is given another concrete example of it. While walking near a dock frequented by fishermen, she is forced into an icehouse by one particularly horny fisherman. There she is brutally raped.

Throughout all of these episodes, a strange bearded man is seen hanging around the village. Ahah! Could he be Old Horny himself—the devil—and could he be at the root of Angela's problem? Is he in some magical way making her sexually, compulsively desirable to everyone she sees? And what could be his motive?

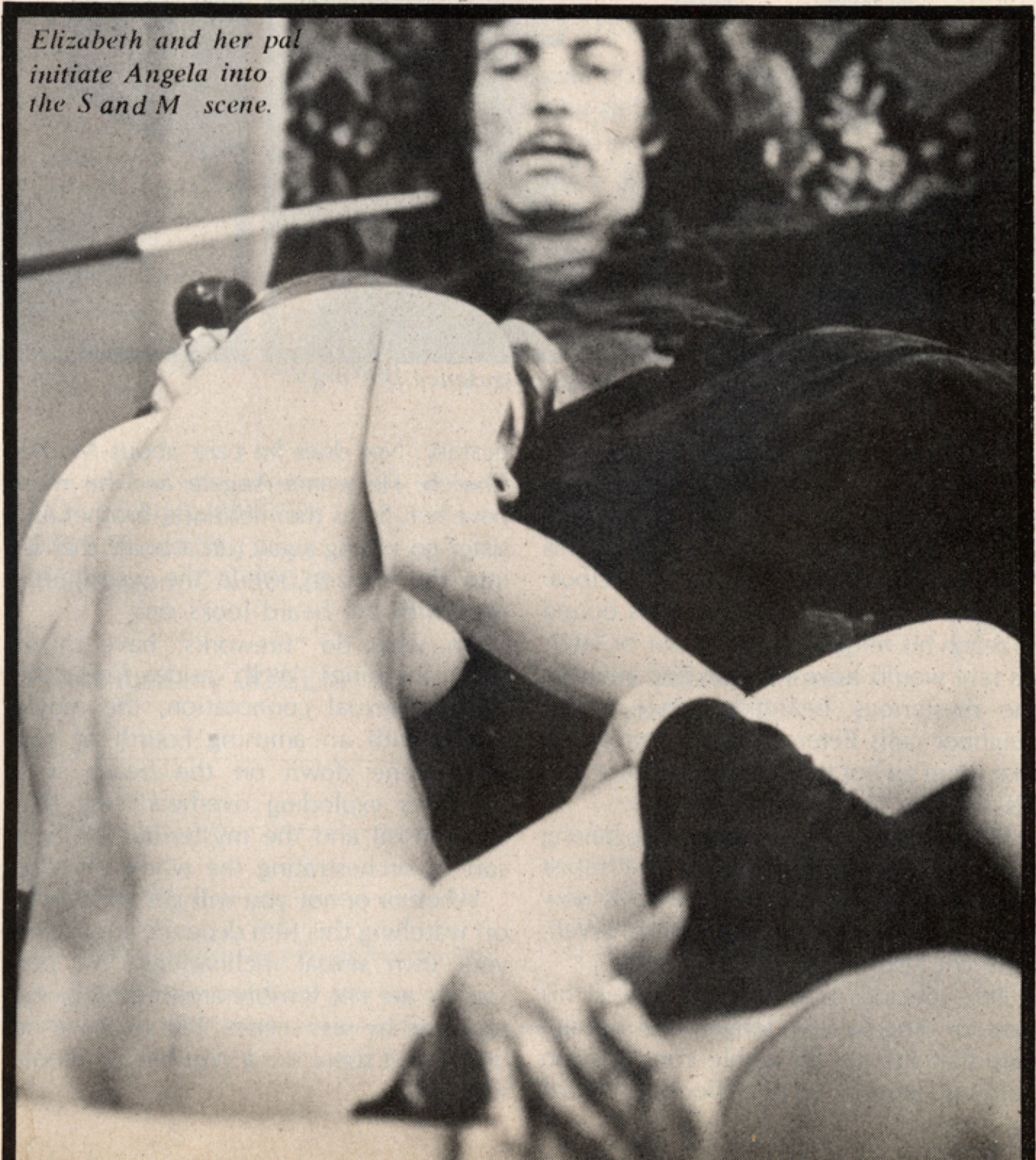
Meanwhile, Angela is recovering from her latest sexual assault in a large, empty house. As she dances madly, distractedly through the barren rooms, she finds herself dreaming once more of her lustful night with Peter. She becomes so sexually aroused by the thought of him that she starts to masturbate, all the while fantasizing—in extremely graphic terms—that Peter is ass-fucking her.

Back in his own small room, Peter finds himself dreaming just as lustfully of Angela and flagellates himself in order to repress these sinful desires. "You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride," he appropriately moans.

As the Fourth of July draws near, Angela decides upon a plan to bring her and Peter together again. She is already aware of her irresistible sexual power and decides to make use of it. She knows that her brother is having an Independence Day banquet at his church and she also knows all the guests who are planning to attend it. So, with Celeste's help (remember Celeste?) she decides to throw a wallopig orgy on the same night and invite her brother's congregation, all of whom just happen to be familiar porn faces and bodies to anyone who has seen a few such flicks.



Elizabeth (Erica Eaton) and her cohort start the S and M festivities rolling by forcing Angela to "tinkle" in Elizabeth's hand.



Elizabeth and her pal initiate Angela into the S and M scene.

FIREWORKS WOMAN

Angela is brutally raped by a horny fisherman.



Angela is the star attraction at the Independence Day orgy.



Angela and Celeste know how to treat a man.

Everyone sucks and fucks in a wild, frenzied fashion, while Angela waltzes around waiting for Peter to show up. She knows that when no one arrives at his banquet, he will begin to get suspicious. And word about such a fun orgy is bound to reach his religious ears sooner or later. As fate would have it—fate and perhaps the mysterious bearded man—a nosy neighbor calls Peter up and informs him that there's a hot time in the old town and his sister is the cause of it.

When Peter arrives, everyone is having a fucking good time—even the rapist fisherman (remember him?), who is now busily fucking a fish in the mouth. (Well, different strokes for different folks.)

Peter decides that he cannot resist his lust for Angela any longer. He doesn't care that she has his whole congregation writhing around on the floor in sexual

ecstasy. Nor does he care about Mother Church. He wants Angela and he must have her. So as the film ends, brother and sister go sailing away (on a boat, that is) into the horizon, while the weird little man with the beard looks on.

Oh, what do "fireworks" have to do with anything? Well, aside from the obvious sexual connotation, the movie begins with an amusing Fourth of July orgy scene down on the beach with fireworks exploding overhead (dig that symbolism) and the mysterious stranger sort of orchestrating the whole shindig.

Whether or not you will get your rocks off watching this film depends a lot upon your own sexual inclinations. We personally are not terribly aroused by brutal rape and by piss scenes, but we have no doubt that there are a number of people who are.

The best things to be said about this film concern the directing, the photography, and the choice of leading players. All are well above the average.

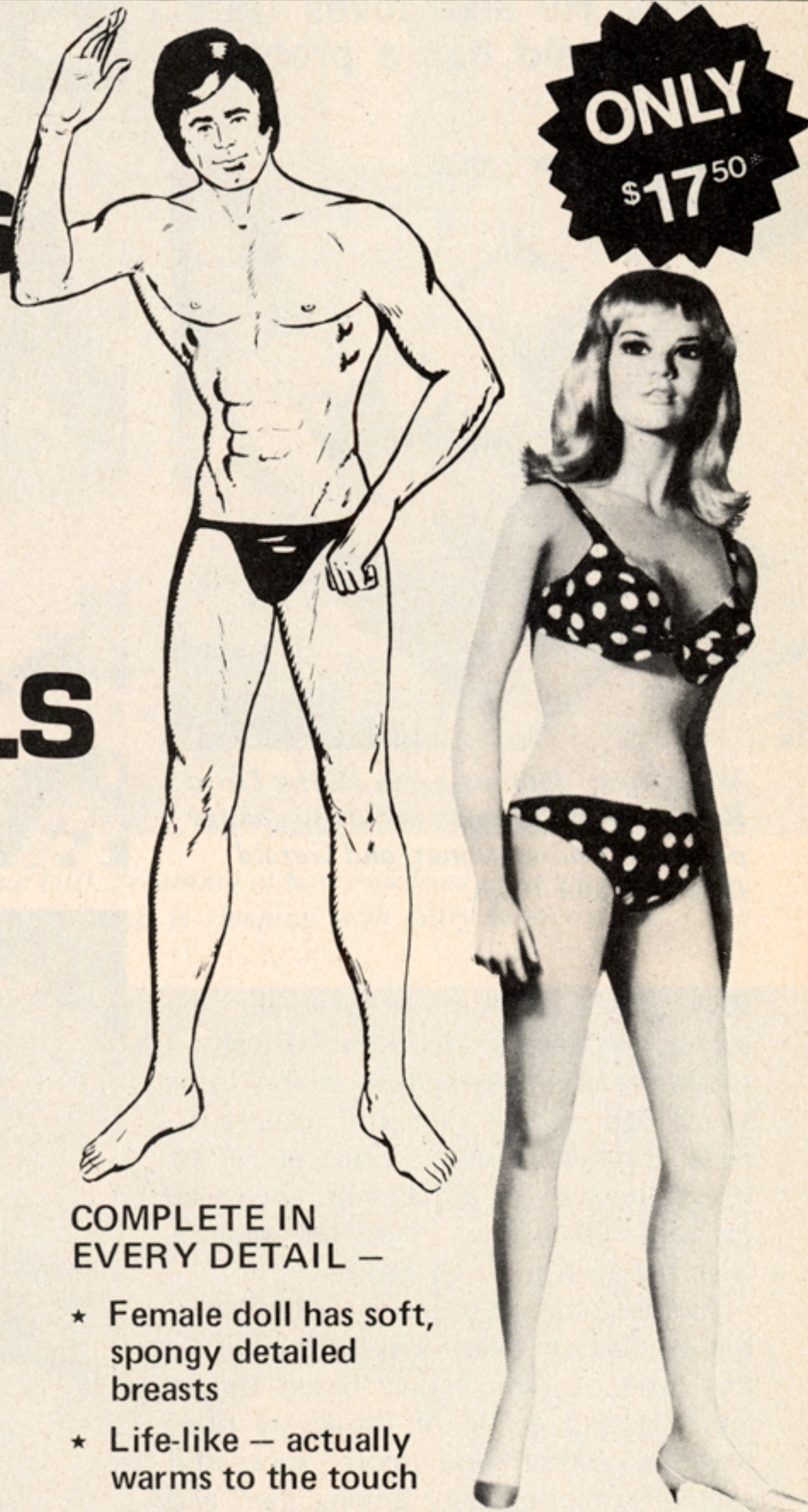
Eric Edwards, one of the best-looking men in American porn films (and also one of the more naturalistic actors), portrays Peter. Some of the lines he has to say (with a straight face) would have stumped a horse, but he manages to make them almost believable. Sarah Nicholson portrays Angela, and she has never looked as lovely. Many of your typical porn actresses have sagging tits, fat cellulite hips, and all-over weight problems (we won't mention names), but Sarah not only has a lovely face and a smooth, delectable body, she also has a certain amount of acting ability—a rarity among porn stars.

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Donald loves Janet.
He also loves Gary.
Donald has a problem.

Both Ways



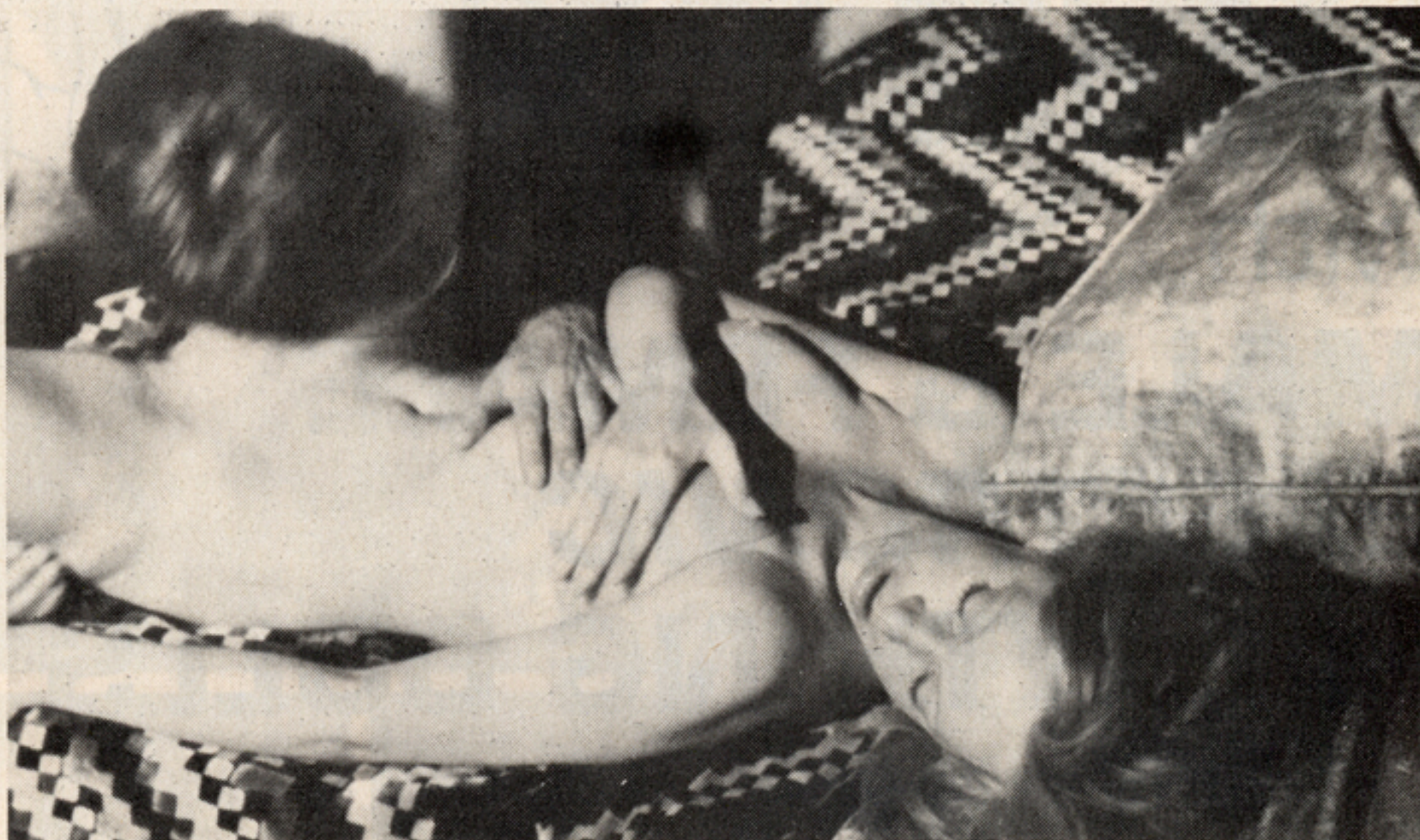
When next door swingers Darby Lloyd Rains and Bill Morgan decide to change partners, Andrea (Janet) and Gerald (Donald) join them.

■ Heterosexual porn is generally far superior to homosexual porn, basically, I think, because there is more money to be spent on better scripts, directors, photographers, music scores, etc. *Both Ways*, the story of a man who cheats on his wife with another man, falls quality-wise between the two genres.

As bisexuality continues to be "chic" there will be an ever-widening market for this type of film. *Score*, based on an amusing and erotic off-Broadway play, was an earlier and more successful example of bisexuality among men and women. Now there is *Both Ways*, and who can tell what will be next?

The plot is one of those how-to-cheat-on-your-wife-without-her-finding-out affairs, except, of course, that the "mistress" is another man. There are several explicit sex scenes between hubby Donald (Gerald Grant) and his wife Janet (Andrea True), between Donald and his lover, Gary (Dean Tait), and between the married couple and the swingers next door, Hank (Bill Morgan) and Louise (Darby Lloyd Rains).

A line in the script, "The same old story—everybody wants it both ways," basically sums up Donald's motivations throughout. He is basically an unsympathetic character, deceitful to his wife, callous and insensitive to his lover. Actor Gerald Grant's personal attractiveness, plus his skill in bed, help make understandable what his wife and lover see in him. However, the script might have been more interestingly written if audiences could sympathize with his problem—loving a woman and a man at the same time and not wishing to



Donald loves Janet and enjoys sex with her, but he also craves some radical changes.



Janet masturbates in the tub (above left), dreaming of how love used to be with Donald (below) and not realizing that her husband is sleeping with Gary (above right).





Janet masturbates, remembering happier times with her husband.



Both Ways

make a break with either. But as written, Donald comes across being more in love with himself than with anyone else.

This, of course, makes one sorry for the two people he is involved with. As Janet, Andrea True spends a good part of the film wondering what the hell is going wrong with her marriage, and she does it convincingly. At first she wonders if Donald has another woman on the side, but ultimately Donald stupidly drops enough clues to make the most naive woman suspect another man.

As the lover, Gary, Dean Tait seems a bit self-conscious in some of the earlier scenes, but he ultimately brings a great deal of sensitivity and emotion to an overwritten role. After all, he is on the shit end of the stick, and why he doesn't break it off with Donald is anybody's guess. But then, of course, there wouldn't be any movie.

The ending of *Both Ways* is pure melodrama, slipshod melodrama at that. Suffice it to say that Donald winds up without a wife or a lover—which is certainly justifiable, but not in the absurd manner it happens.

In supporting roles, Darby Lloyd Rains gives one of her best performances to date as the liberated lady next door, and as her husband, Bill Morgan is equally convincing. Many of the comedy



Janet begins to suspect that Donald has another woman.



Little does Janet realize that the "other" woman is a man (Dean Tait).



Donald continues to sleep with Janet, but she feels his heart is elsewhere.

Donald and Gary live in fear of being caught together.



Charging Donald with infidelity, she flees from him. Donald chases her and rapes her—to prove his love.

elements in this film are dependent upon these two people, and comedy is a necessity among the rest of the "soap operifics."

As the tight-lipped, dried-up housekeeper and her gossipy antique dealer friend, Katherine Miles and Jake Everett, respectively, are incredibly hammy and the director should be horsewhipped for allowing them to get away with it.

The photography is generally below average, at least in the print of the film I saw. Much of it seemed washed out. A gimmick in which Donald is seen naked arguing with an equally naked Janet, and repeated with Donald and Gary, was a bit heavy-handed. Another ludicrous element concerned the use of newspaper headlines: every time something crucial happened in the lives of Donald and Janet, the camera would close in on a newspaper reading "J. F. K. Shot" or "Martin Luther King Killed" or some such national catastrophe, as though the movie's participants were synchronizing their lives to such historical disasters. This little gimmick became rather laughable, and perhaps that was the problem with much of the movie—one wasn't sure how much of it was meant to be funny. Or was any of it meant to be funny?

Both Ways: *Meet Stars Andrea True and Gerald Grant*

Flick chats with the stars
and writer-director Jerry Douglas
of this new movie on male bisexuality.

By WALT HARGROVE

■ Two of the stars of *Both Ways* (reviewed in this issue), Andrea True and Gerald Grant, join with the writer-director, Jerry Douglas, to discuss this bi-sexual film, their own attitudes toward bisexuality, and their experiences while making X-rated movies.

Andrea True is a name well known to porn enthusiasts. With over a hundred such films to her credit, she is recognized as somewhat of an authority on the subject. She started her acting career as a child with the Theatre Nashville and the Nashville Children's Theatre. At 14, she initiated a local Southern talk show on TV. Due to her skill as a pianist, she won the Paderewski Medal and a college scholarship to the George Peabody College in Nashville, where she obtained a B.S degree in music. This versatile lady has also written articles for *Cosmopolitan* and other magazines, at the same time she was studying acting at H.B. Studio in Greenwich Village and acting in off-off Broadway productions. She has also performed in her own rock band and writes music between film appearances.

Gerald Grant is a newcomer to the world of porn. Most of his acting experience has been in summer stock, major motion pictures, and television. But he did not receive public acclaim until he performed in Radley Metzger's film *Score*, which, like *Both Ways*, was about a bisexual man's experience with his wife and with another man. Gerald followed *Score* with the off-Broadway comedy, *Tubstrip*. Gerald also appears in *Naked Came the Stranger* (also reviewed in this issue) as one of the men in Darby Lloyd Rains's life.

Jerry Douglas is a graduate of the Yale School of Drama and began his professional career as casting director for Eva LeGallienne's National Repertory Theatre and later for Zev Bufman's Coconut Grove Playhouse. He wrote *Score* and *Tubstrip*, both previously mentioned, as well as *Both Ways*. His credits also include two musicals, *Never Say Dye* (book, lyrics and direction) and *Rondelay* (book and lyrics). He was also



director and script doctor for the off-Broadway melodrama, *Circle in the Water*. His first erotic movie was *Back Row*.

Flick: For some time lesbian scenes have been commonplace in X-rated movies. Do you think audiences are ready to see guys make it with women and with other guys?

True: Yes.

Grant: First there was *Score*. Now there is *Both Ways* and a few more. I've been up for some roles. I think Andrea has too. It seems to be a lucrative direction for some filmmakers.

Douglas: And yet at the same time there are some people who are afraid of trailblazers. A number of people want to show *Both Ways* but they are a little leary of—"Are we going to offend the straight man at seeing (gay) cocksucking?" But a lot of couples are going to see these

Grant: They're afraid to express it.

True: Yeah. I guess they carry on this friendship thing which never goes into sex. It's just a tight friendship. Maybe *Both Ways* is about what *could* happen to a straight guy if he did go all the way into such a relationship. The sexual thing could bring on possessiveness about the other person—possibly. And it could interfere with his life.

Flick: Andrea, have you ever had any personal experiences dealing with male bi-sexuality?

True: Well, there was this fellow who was in love with Marc Stevens. He lived with Marc before he lived with me. And I didn't know anything about it and they kept it a secret from me for a long time. When it came out, it ended just as tragically as it does in *Both Ways*. This fellow thought he could manage to have both of us. But Marc and I—oddly

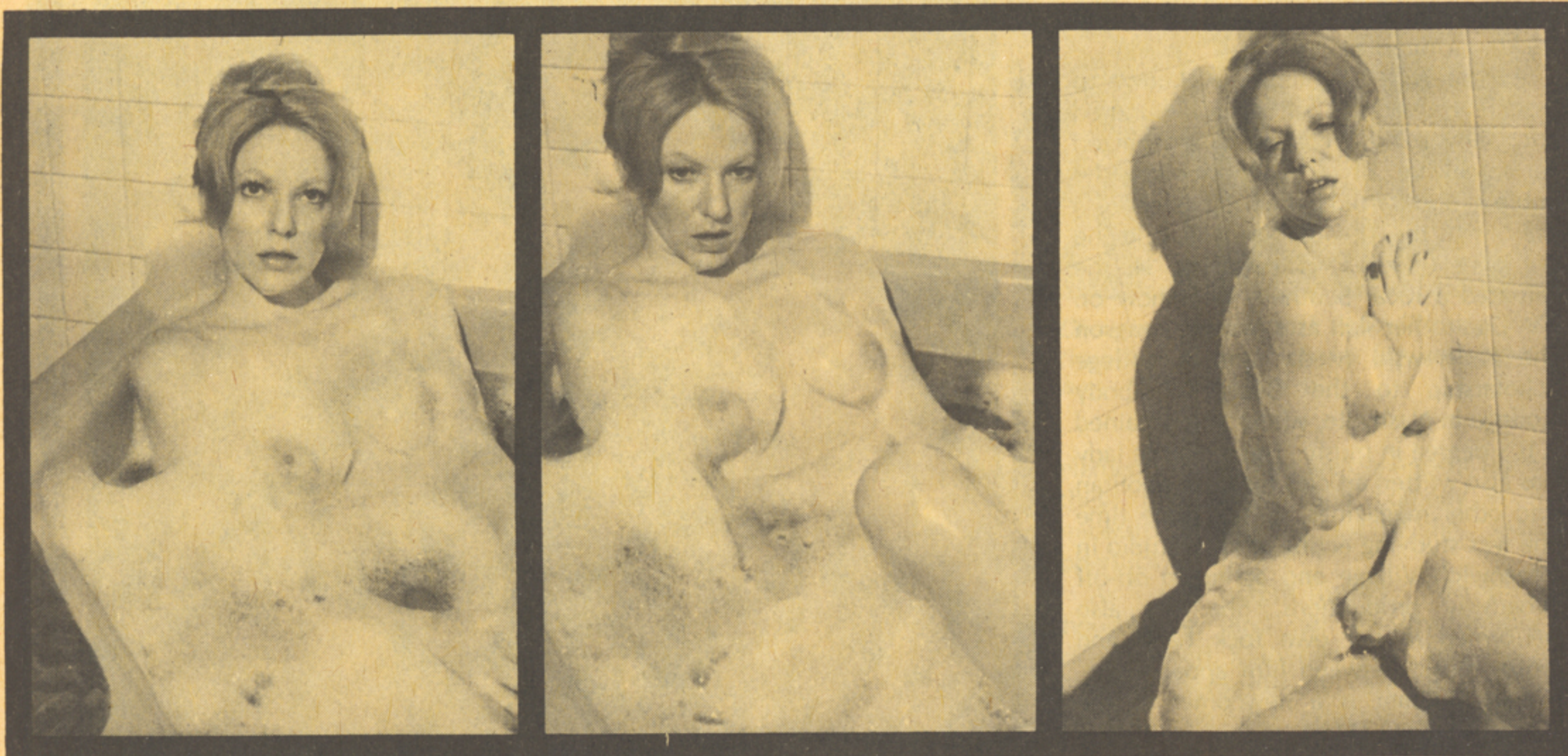
True: The characterizations in the movie are very clearly defined. We had good direction from Jerry and I knew who I was all the time. I couldn't be too much of a snip or too high-spirited as I kind of am in real life.

Grant: You gave the role a nice soft quality and the part called for it.

Douglas: We shot a large part of the film in Connecticut and lived in the producer's home. It was a large, happy family to work with.

Flick: How did you feel about the sex scenes?

True: Actually I was pleased with the shots on the bed. We did something that I had never done in porn before—or in a sex scene. We took the conference room of a business office and put a big double bed on top of the table. The cameraman got on top of a ladder and we were able to get all kinds of different angled shots.



Andrea's masturbatory scene is one of the most erotic episodes in Both Ways.

movies too, and the comment every time is, "The women love it."

Grant: Let's hear it for the women in this world. God bless 'em!

True: Why is it that a woman would accept watching a male-male film or a mixed male-female film quicker than men would? Obviously men must be much more hung-up about this subject.

Douglas: You can shake hands with another man or put your arms around his shoulders on a football field, but otherwise—danger!

Grant: Or you only pat fannies on a basketball court. But things are changing.

True: You know, every day I see how certain men are really into other men, but they don't realize to what extent. I see it, yet I wish I didn't see it. I wish I didn't have the knowledge to realize what's happening.

enough—had been very good friends for years, longer than this fellow and Marc had been friends. And Marc and I both realized the manipulative type of thing going on and we decided, "Hey, we're not going to let this happen." We used to smile at each other with this knowing smile that meant nothing was going to come between us or our friendship.

Grant: *Both Ways* is based on a real-life character.

Douglas: Yes, one of my dearest friends who lives in California. He was very happily married, has four children, and a male lover who lives four blocks away. And he travels back and forth between the two households—and has for four years.

Flick: Well, four must be his lucky number.

Grant: We even had some shots done with the camera on dollies traveling all around the bed.

True: When we worked in the actual bedroom, we used the same lights, same sheets, etc. so you couldn't tell the scenes were shot in both places. And it worked. I thought the whole thing was crazy at first. An orgy scene in a conference room?

Flick: Gerald, as a newcomer in the business, do you find it difficult to perform before the cameras? After all, a man has to get a hard-on.

Grant: Well, it's completely different when you're at home, even though you may have a lovely lady or a lovely man in bed with you. No matter what I may do in my personal life, remember that it's different being in front of a camera or five cameras, and you have all those lights.

True: Every interviewer tries to separate the man and the woman from the act itself. It's both people involved. That woman is as involved in that man keeping that hard-on as he himself is in keeping it hard and in keeping her happy. You know, there is love-making going on in a scene, even though we may be whispering, "Kiss me now because the cameras are over here."

Grant: Most of the sequences are shot without sound so we can talk to each other like that.

True: Sure, you'll see that if you look at people's lips moving underneath all that beautiful music, we're saying things like, "Well, where is the cameraman now?" And "let's roll over into these lights." You've got to be able to do all that and still make it go over.

Grant: Or, "Andrea, don't move; you know how gorgeous you look right now. Just hang on, honey, you look beautiful."

Douglas: As a director, it's my job to prepare an atmosphere so that realistic love-making can happen. And to see to it that time has been taken to develop an emotional involvement between the two people.

Flick: I suppose that not all directors are as sympathetic at creating a pleasant atmosphere for sex scenes.

True: There's a gentleman in the business whose name is Leonard Kirteman. He's the "Godmother"—we call him—of porn. Honestly, he started everybody in the business from cameramen to directors to actors. Everybody has worked for him at one time. Well, Leonard did it this way: "Move your leg here. Smile!" Little did I realize at the time that he was training me how to look on film. You can't get light between bodies too well. The actors have to keep to the camera. It's a natural instinct—even animals have it—to want privacy and to keep away from the light. You've got to conquer this within yourself and say to yourself that the camera is like the candle burning as a love light in your bedroom. That takes a lot of doing in your head. Today I do run into directors who do give orders like that—some of them with a good reason. They know what they're doing or what they want the camera to capture at a particular moment.

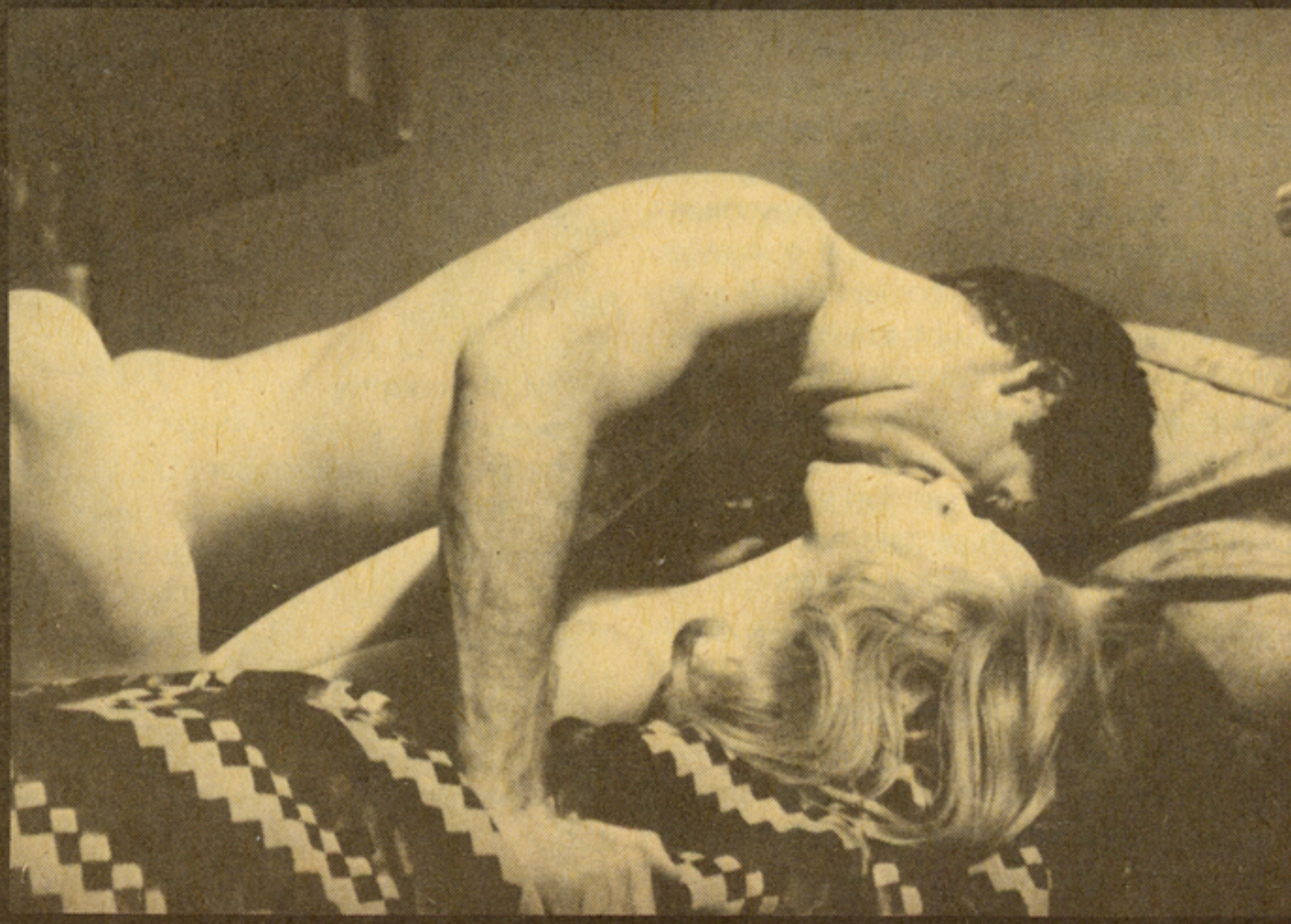
Grant: My own image of the camera is that the camera is just as much a friend or a lover as the person I'm in bed with. It's almost like threeway sex. You have to make love to that camera.

Flick: Have either of you had to make love with someone you didn't like?

Grant: That's never happened to me.

True: That's never happened to me either.

Although Gerald loves Andrea in the film, he also needs the love of another man to feel fulfilled.



Douglas: And as a director, I don't let that happen.

True: When you do have hassles with an actor, you can't take them with you when it comes down to filming a scene. Otherwise you should get off the set and not work. I'm not on a set to have a love affair. If it happens, groovy. But I'm there to do a film—and I think that's the reason I've done so many films and they've gone so well. Because you've always got to remember that it's a business. A fun business—I've had a lot of fun. I've had my fun right on the screen. You've got to remember that people are spending their dollars, that the crew is there to make a living so that they can go home and fuck in peace and quiet. And you're there to make a living, so you can go home and fuck in peace and quiet or do whatever you want. And you can't let too many hassles get you involved. For me it's been three of work. Whoever I am today, it's from a lot of hard work. It's not from fucking on screen—or maybe it is—but nonetheless, it's not because I'm Linda Lovelace. Because my first picture did not take off like hers did. For me, it was fifty pictures later—and I'm still here.

Grant: A lot of people don't get to do the things they love to do in life and earn a living at it.

Flick: One sees many of the same porn actors over and over again in films. Andrea, how did you feel playing opposite new people?

True: I enjoyed it. People think that porn stars are promiscuous and perhaps, some of them are. But I guess I've made it with fewer guys than have most housewives who fuck around. Yes, and I've got long hours to prove it. For three years I've had this running relationship with Harry (Reems), Marc (Stevens), Jamie (Gillis) and Darcy Hollingsworth—he's no longer around. I hadn't ventured out to making movies with older people, except for one film on the coast. I said before I agreed to make this one on the coast, "Just get me the most gorgeous hunk of man!" And they did! They must have gotten him right out of a movie magazine. Only—he couldn't talk. A silent star—but at least he could fuck. So when Jerry (Douglas) came to me and said he was going to take some members of the cast from *Tubstrip* and put them in *Both Ways*, I said, "Great. Let's see what it's like to work with people who hadn't done hardcore pornography before."

Grant: I never did except for *Score*. And Dean (Tait) never had.

True: I had seen *Tubstrip* many times, too. It's funny—the first time I saw it, I just had dinner with Linda Lovelace and Chuck Trainer and there was this great line from *Tubstrip*—

Douglas: I remember—it was "Linda Lovelace should win an Academy Award

for her performance in *Deep Throat*" and the rejoinder is, "What would she do with it? Swallow it?"

Flick: Andrea and Gerald, you both use your real names. Why?

Grant: Because we're proud of what we're doing.

True: Yep—beside the fact that sharp reporters find out who you are anyway. They found out Linda Lovelace's real name and published her parents' address in *Screw* as well as in a number of other publications. So I figured—well . . .

Grant: Not fair.

True: Not fair. I'll just be me from the beginning and if somebody doesn't like it, fuck 'em.

Douglas: How dare anybody print Linda Lovelace's address? How dare they? There are limits about respecting a person's privacy.

Flick: Agreed. How do you think American porn stacks up with the European variety?

True: Isn't it funny that France led the field for so long in the sex business, with Brigitte Bardot and the rest—and then we, America, turned around and took it all the way, made it what it is. And France just opened up to hard-core. They bought a couple of my films this last week.

Flick: Do you have any goals you wish to achieve in porn?

True: I used to have a very definite idea of what they were—pre-porno. And it was to be a movie star, etc., etc. And I think that we're really getting there. People are spending money, getting bigger productions, good music, good actors—and thank goodness, they're having to rely on us—the actors. As long as there's hard-core, we still have our careers going. We're learning more about the film industry, acting and so forth. The better the productions, the longer the porn theatres stay open, the more audiences we accumulate. The point is that this country is opening up more porno theatres—new ones—than ever before. When a theatre's gross receipts start going down, they go into pornography and the grosses shoot right back up.

Grant: Look at your top 15 in *Variety*. Pamela Mann, *Deep Throat*—they're in there all the time. These are the top 15 in the whole country.

Douglas: I prefer "erotic" films to "pornography" because over the years the word "pornography" has acquired bad connotations. Erotic filmmaking is a phrase that has a bit more class to it—a new phrase—and partly, it seems to say we are aspiring to do something more than just loops. What I would like to accomplish when I make an erotic film is to simply tell my story—the whole story.

True: I dislike and I'm tired of—and isn't the public tired of?—wall-to-wall loops. Obligatory or gratuitous sex scenes

make a film unbalanced. Even Jerry Damiano is getting away from doing this. *Memories Within Miss Aggie* certainly wasn't one loop after another, but it was erotic.

Douglas: If you are dealing with a narrative film and you get to know the characters in it as human beings, as friends—when they make love, you feel you know them. It's twice as hot for that very reason.

True: There will always be your regular raunch porn. There are some people who don't want emotional involvement with the characters, but we're trying to appeal to a more intelligent person. There's an intelligent audience out there who could stand a little emotional involvement.

Flick: In *Both Ways*, I don't think Gerald's character is very sympathetic or the type of person one could feel anything for.

Douglas: I don't think so either, but I don't think he's an intentional bastard. He just wants a little bit more—like all of us.

Flick: Do you think that sex films are healthy in that they can help people get over their sexual hang-ups?

Douglas: We've lived in the world of euphemisms for so long. I never heard the word "penis" till I was 12 years old. And my grandmother—she had twelve children, but she did not have a vagina. She simply did not. I think these movies are much better for people's heads now. I came from the Midwest where the first thing I ever learned was, "What will the neighbors say?" That was the by-word of my childhood.

Grant: Well, at least your parents talked about it.

Douglas: You walked through life with your peripheral vision checking the people next door.

Grant: You always had to make sure your pants were pressed and your shoes were cleaned.

Douglas: And to be sure you had on clean underwear in case you got run over.

Flick: The best way to take care of that problem is not to wear any underwear at all.

Douglas: Of course. I found that out a long time ago.

True: You've got to admit that things move faster out here in the East. When I go home—from where I'm from, the South—or when I visit friends in the Midwest, I find I've stepped back in time. I really have.

Douglas: By a decade.

True: Yes! About ten years.

Grant: Hollywood's about ten years behind the times too. Because they move so slowly.

True: Well, I don't know about Hollywood because a lot of films are made out there. The film world is changing all the time. A lot of my friends from New York are out there now. I

wonder what our effect is on Middle America or do they even care? Because we're products of Middle America. The three of us here are, and Gerald Damiano is Middle America New York, and Harry Reems is Middle America Westchester.

Grant: I'm Middle America California.

True: And obviously, we're having some effect on them somehow. I know they're seeing the films. They're opening more theatres out there. At least today, everything's out front. Isn't that better than the viciousness that was associated with sex?

Flick: However, some of the films are very soft-core by the time they play outside of the major cities.

True: They turned a couple of my pictures—believe it or not—into soft versions. How they did it, I don't know.

Andrea in a scene from one of her earlier successes Illusions of a Lady.



Gerald with Cal Culver in Score, written, incidentally, by Both Ways' writer-director, Jerry Douglas.



Douglas: I saw a soft version of *Back Row* in Boston. I had hysterics over it. I could not believe it. How do you do a film that was made as sheer hard-core pornography—how do you make soft-core out of it? The whole thing in Boston was really ludicrous. I can't remember which way it is in Boston, but you can either show oral sex or anal sex, but you can't show one of them. Which blew my mind. I thought it was the most wonderful thing in the world that in Massachusetts oral sex is all right, but anal sex isn't—or vice versa.

Flick: This last question is for Andrea and Gerald. There are a number of reasons for acting in porn films. Do you a) feel that you'll progress out of porn films into legit Hollywood-type movies or b) are you strictly in it for the money, or c) do you think of yourselves as legit actors and regard porn as just a side line.

Grant: Or d) are we just exhibitionists and this is the way we get our rocks off? Well, Andrea and I are here to tell you that neither one of us is "d."

True: Or "c." Perhaps, "a" and "b". Or both ways.



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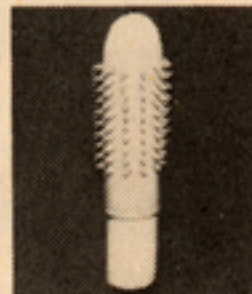
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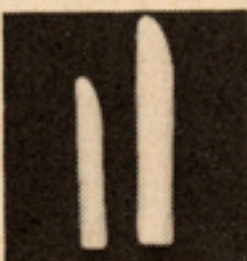
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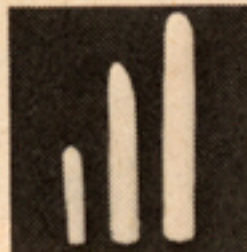
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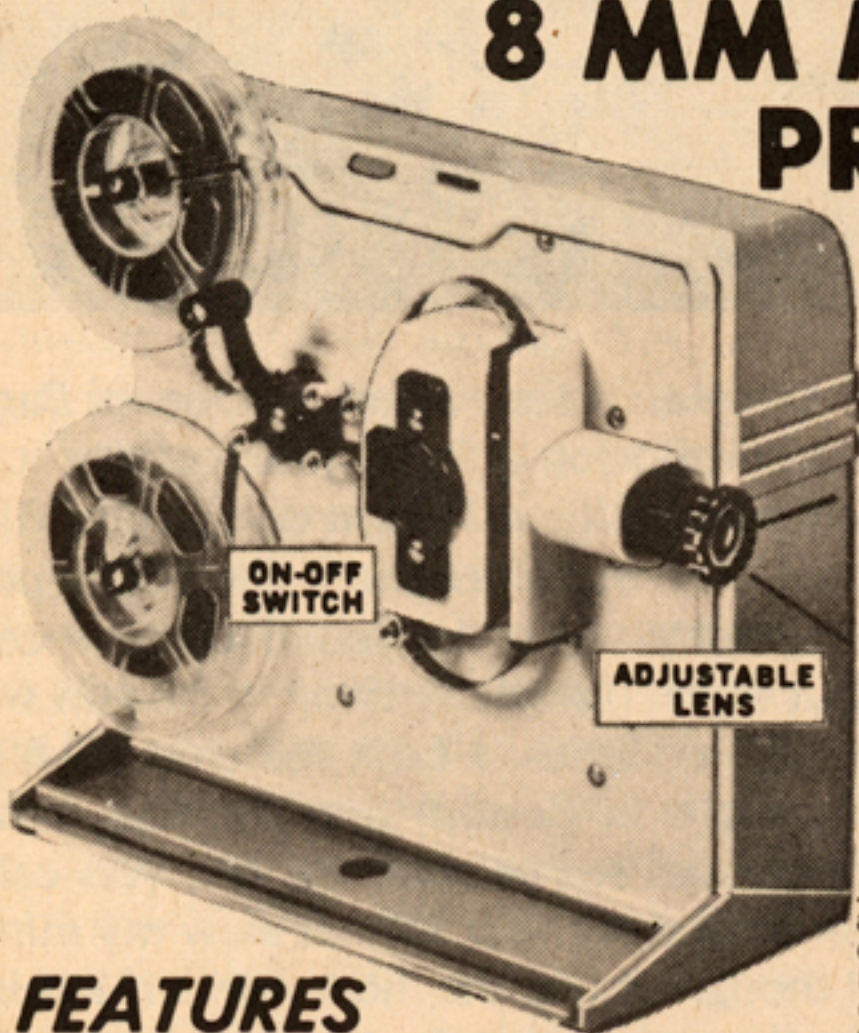
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EROS 75

(Continued from page 16)

girls how to suck cock. As she sang the lesson the girls practiced on bananas. It was amusing. At the climax, a gay guy came on stage and proved himself more adept than even the instructor. For the pay-off, the girls decided to practice on him and he ran off shrieking. Cute.

Everyone applauded loud and long. Then we waited while someone went to find Luckman. Where was he? In the back room counting the money? He turned up eventually and announced, "Now we're coming to the exciting part of the evening." Ignoring the chorus of "It's about time!" from the now sullen audience, he began ordering us to clear an aisle. Nobody moved. There was no room to move.

Hammer came out and repeated the order in a tone that implied "Ve haff vays off making you move!" He proceeded to bully and insult the audience. "I have a very important person coming in here and I want an aisle for her!"

Important person? Aha, starttime had finally arrived. Who was coming? Linda Lovelace? Marilyn Chambers? Georgina Spelvin? Andrea True? Darby Lloyd Rains? We should have known better.

People squeezed together and did their best to make an aisle. Another pause while the lights were adjusted. Luckman killed time by standing on the stage, picking his nose and wiping the pickings on his red, silver-studded suit. That done, he introduced Mitchell Hammer. "Give him a big hand!" gurgled Luckman. "He made all the arrangements for this wonderful evening. Don't you think he's done a great job of keeping things moving? We all glared in silence while Hammer bobbed and smiled. In a less

(Continued on page 60)

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EROS 75

(Continued from page 58)

courteous country, he would have been stoned to death on the spot.

Comes the star, the big sex goddess we've all been waiting for. Down the aisle, escorted by two very pretty boys, comes—Fanne Foxe. Yes, the Argentinian wet firecracker herself, the girl who made headlines by swimming in the Potomac with a Congressman and by later flopping as a stripper. She was given a special "Tonguey" for her contribution to politics.

"You are beautiful. I only went for a swim," Fanne smiled winningly, graciously at the audience, which broke into applause.

Like a priest elevating the Sacrament, she held the 10-inch, brass-plated statue of a tongue aloft. "Every woman should have one," she grinned. The audience cheered—except for a long-haired speed freak who jumped up shouting "Give awards to the people, not to politicians!" Someone tried to explain that Fanne isn't a Congressman; she was once a Congressman's girl friend. The message didn't penetrate. "Give awards to the people, not to politicians!"

SONNY LANDHAM

(Continued from page 12)

in Sunday school. Here we are worshipping Paul or at least going by what he had to say about sex. Paul's thing about sex was influenced by his own hangups and his own frustrations. At that time I'm sure there was racial prejudice too. The Jews didn't go for the gentiles and vice versa. There was no mixing, so I'm sure that a black wasn't accepted—or getting laid every night. Even today we find people who feel, "If I don't do it, nobody should do it," that type thing. Well, this was Paul. And he wrote all these letters to Timothy, hmmm. And there are more than a few letters, too.

Flick: Well, for whatever reason, Paul was hardly an advocate of free love.

Sonny: I was raised in the South, in Georgia. We were segregated and the preachers could preach a beautiful sermon on brotherly love, but turn right around and—well, let me give you an example of something that actually happened. One day I heard this preacher give such a beautiful sermon about brotherly love. I went up and told him that and somehow we got to talking about

By now it's three in the morning and nothing is happening. Fanne is gone, and the crowd, discovering it had been fleeced, fled. The more than 2,000 people have thus dwindled down to about 100. Most of us left are press people, who are there—God help us—to write about the awards.

"Tongueys" were finally given to "Wet Rainbow" as the best porn movie of the year, to Harry Reems, Shawn Harris, Mick Jagger, the book "More Joy of Sex," Penthouse and Viva Magazine and Gerald Damiano. Damiano, X-rated filmmaker, had been around earlier, complaining bitterly about what a fiasco Eros '75 turned out to be. He, too, had fled. None of the other winners were there, either, nor their representatives. The "Tongueys" were stacked in an old cardboard grocery carton and lugged off stage. Even Doug Johns, the creator of the "Tonguey" statuettes, who had been awarded one of them for "Best Erotic Achievement in Art," had departed.

Unfortunately, Eros '75 is not really over yet. The entire disaster was recorded on film. No doubt it is being processed and edited right now and will soon appear in your local X-rated film house. Watch for it and—assuming that anyone has the balls to exhibit it—avoid it like the plague.

segregation and integration. He said, "I'll never preach in a church with a nigger present." I said, "What?!" When he used that term "nigger," this blew me completely out! When a man could preach such a sermon and then come out with all that hate!

Flick: Were there other things that disillusioned you?

Sonny: You know how we've been told that the Jews don't accept Christ because they're the ones who killed him. Hey, they forget to say a Jew killed a Jew. How can the gentiles say a Jew killed Jesus? Jesus was a Jew. And what did they kill him for? He was violating their laws. We get carried away. We always turn our prejudices around to suit our own needs. And this is what people have always done. We've taken history and kind of scraped it around to meet the American need. We forget how we formed this country.

Flick: Anything else?

Sonny: Another thing that preyed on my mind was this: how could we talk about this big thing about not drinking? And here Christ made the wine. Then there was so much of a to-do made about his healing, which was actually psychosomatic. Yes, I think I'm a religious person today. I treat everybody fair and square. I think if we took the sayings of Jesus Christ and lived by them, then we

(Continued on page 62)

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SONNY LANDHAM

(Continued from page 60)

would have a much better world. "Love thy neighbor as thyself. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Hey, these are beautiful philosophies. Christ was the first hippie. He was preaching love, not war. And people don't want to hear that. They want to hear war, not love.

Flick: Do you have it all together now?

Sonny: I don't have it all together. I'm far from having it all together. I am always changing—or progressing, but one man's progression is another man's pornography.

Flick: How does a Baptist preacher justify safecracking?

Sonny: Didn't justify it. I was poor and I said, what the hell! I needed money and learned a trade. It was a business. It looked good, it looked easy. The first time I opened one I said, "Gee, Diamond Jim Brady!" Everytime I needed money I opened a safe. It didn't stay that easy though.

Flick: Crime didn't pay?

Sonny: We're taught that crime doesn't pay: "If you're gonna play, you're gonna pay." That's bullshit. Hell, you never even think about getting caught. You never go into a business venture thinking you're going to lose. It was a business for me and I was good at it. And anything that I get involved in, I go at it totally with the idea of making a profit. And I made money at it—and kept a lot of bondsmen and a lot of lawyers happy. I never had any fear of getting caught or even any thought of getting caught. And when it happened, it happened.

Safecracking was just my bag at the time and we go through different bags. I did about two and a half years all told. One of the terms I served was in a county jail for attempted burglary. That was the attempt when I got shot up. The cops wheeled in. I ran and they fired. Three of them jumped out firing their pistols and I got hit a couple of times in the right leg. I got a 14-inch scar where they operated. Yep, but in life, you never think about getting caught. In life, you must think positive. We've got to keep growing, keep expanding, or we're fucked.

Flick: A number of people would like to put X-rated filmmakers out of business, porn actors out of work, get certain books and magazines taken off the market. How do you feel about that?

Sonny: I think everybody should have the right to write what they want to, make what they want to, say what they want to. And everybody should have the right to listen and read and go see porn if they want to. If they don't want to see a hard-

core film, they don't have to. But no one else should take that right away from them. Because nobody is forced to pay \$5 to go into that movie, see? If you don't want to see a film, nobody's twisting your arm to go in there. So how and why are you affected?

And no movie is going to cause anyone to rape your old lady, and if you think that it will, your old lady is probably too ugly to rape anyway, if she married you. There's a certain segment of society who would like to put diapers on Romulus and Remus and Baby Jesus. Why do we hide the fact that we all fuck? What's supposed to be so bad about fucking? We brag about killing, but we hide the fact that we fuck. And people who say, "Do it in moderation"—they're fucking masochists. If you enjoy doing it, do it. If you don't enjoy it, don't do it. And do it as long as it's pleasant for you.

Flick: Do you think porn films are getting better?

Sonny: I think the porn business is going downhill instead of uphill because of the hacks in it. Erotic films can become a great entertainment and a great art, but a lot of it—it's not pornography, it's pure bland shit. Most of the people who make these films know nothing about fucking, period. I'm sure that they want to get laid, but that their old ladies hate them. It shows. A lot of their work is pure shit. It ain't filth, it ain't vulgar—it's bland. It should be erotic. And erotic doesn't mean the same tired old fucking. Many of these people think they're not shooting for normal people, that they're shooting for freaks. But couples go to these films. Businessmen go to these films. These people are not freaks. After all, very few people's sex lives are perfect. Very few people are living a playboy's sex life. And people do want to see sex. If they didn't there wouldn't have been so much money made off it. But every film should have a good plot. I think it's important to hold the audience's interest. If they gave people a normal plot, it would bring people in and uplift the business.

Flick: Are there any porn filmmakers whose work you respect?

Sonny: Joe Sarno, Armand Weston, and Radley Metzger are artists. (I can't say anything about Gerald Damiano because I haven't worked for him or seen his films.) But a lot of little bastards who make these films get closer to the broad's snatch than the camera does. When they need somebody to get fucked for a bit part, I've seen them run down and grab hookers off the street—just to lay there and be fucked in an orgy scene. I've seen them hold cue cards up and the girl couldn't read them. And they shoot over and over because these people can't read their fucking lines.

Flick: Do you think it's because of limited finances?

Sonny: No. If you shoot a hard-core movie and shoot a soft version too, you will have no problem grossing a million dollars. Anyone who will tell you differently is a fucking liar. It takes only 200,000 people at five bucks a throw. The box office takes half. That leaves half a million for the filmmaker and the distributor. Now, say 35 per cent goes to the distributor so he's made \$175,000. That still leaves \$325,000, less expenses. And for \$100,000 or under you could still make a helluva good film.

Flick: Do you feel that actors in porn films are being short-changed?

Sonny: Of course. I work less than anybody for one reason: I go around to these people and they say, "Hey, we're paying this. We'll only use you half a day and we'll pay you \$75." And I say, "You gotta be kidding. Jack it up your ass. Fuck off, man. I won't even talk to you. But if you share the profits with me, I'll work for little or nothing. Then you'd have to run the money through my accountant. You gotta switch all your legal affairs over to my lawyer and I'll know I get my piece of the action, right?" But they don't want to do it that way. They're usually fly-by-night companies. Try to sue them and they move overnight and become another company. You have enough trouble getting your percentage from a legit company, so you damn sure aren't going to get it from some fly-by-night.

Flick: Why do you think you see so many of the same faces in movie after movie?

Sonny: At the prices they work for, they have to work all of the time. I look at it this way—fucking's fucking. They'd do better to be hooking on the street. They'd fuck less and make more money in a helluva lot less time. Most of the people in porn can't act to begin with and don't even study acting. So where are they going? They're jacking themselves off. We're all in it to make a living. What tears my heart out is when they need money bad enough, they jump up and work for piss.

Flick: How is Sonny Landham different?

Sonny: I put a price on myself and what I do. Besides porn, I've done 20 major motion pictures. I've done over sixty TV segments. I've done one pilot. I've done three stage plays, the most recent one being *Hustlers* off-Broadway. I do a lot of my own stunts and I've choreographed stunts for films. I've choreographed some fight or riot scenes for Woody Allen's *Bananas*.

There was this haff-assed producer the other day who was typical of a lot of them. He started in on me about, "Well, you want to be exposed, don't you?" And I said, "I've got a better resume than anyone else in the porn field, so what the

(Continued on page 64)

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SONNY LANDHAM

(Continued from page 63)

fuck? Who have I got to prove it to? You are planning to make money on me, and I'm going to get my piece out of it. I want nothing but cash up front. Either that or hire someone else. Usually when they do hire someone else, they come back crying, "This guy couldn't get it up, this guy couldn't do this or that." I say, "Tough shit. You've made your film now." You know what they say?—Money talks, shit walks, put up or take a stroll. I don't rip these guys off because when I work, every frame they shoot is usable. That's the difference. They don't want to pay. They think they're making a quick rip-off. These people are trying to get something for nothing.

Flick: How do you think porn can be improved? Aside from paying actors decent salaries?

Sonny: Give people a story and let the sex fall in naturally. Some of these filmmakers only give them sex and say,

"Gee, we've gotta throw in something to make this look like it has a plot." After you've seen two people fuck two or three times—I don't care if it's Marc Stevens, Sonny Landham, Harry Reems, Tina Russell, or Andrea True—how many times do you want to see the same pair of tits or cock? I want to see a different body every night or something else being done. You can take any story—say, something like *Love Story*—and it could be done hard-core or soft-core.

In every major film, the way the love scene is filmed depends on the rating. If it's a "PG," you just see the couple going into the bedroom. The door closes. There's a cut to the next morning when they're eating ham and eggs. If it's "R," you see them in bed together and maybe her tits. If it's "X" or soft-core, you see them humping. If it's hard-core, you see them humping away in a bunch of positions—with some come shots. But it's all sex. If you give somebody erotic quality, you don't have to have Marlon Brando in it. People will go see it. Why be a rip-off artist? Why rip the public off? I think that in porn—as in life—we've got to keep growing, expanding, reaching for new heights, and keep pushing.

PAST PORN

(Continued from page 8)

Revolution. The drawings of Beardsley, the collections of bawdy songs and the downright hard-core pornographic novels of the Victorian era prove that all of England was not as chaste, frigid and prudish as the Court and gentry would have us believe.

"No work or class of works which has exercised a great influence on the human mind, and which illustrates the character of an important epoch in letters, politics, and morals, should disappear from the world," wrote the great historian Lord Macauley. His belief, he noted, was shared by the Church of England, which controlled the universities and assigned students to read the Greek comedies, "in which there are scarcely a hundred lines together without some passage of which Rochester (the great erotic poet of the 17th century) would have been ashamed." Furthermore, Macauley continued, those bawdy plays, which tell us so much about Classical Greece, are "illustrated with notes by reverend, very reverend and right reverend commentators." Annually the best young minds in England are "examined by bishops and doctors of divinity" on their knowledge of *Lysistrata* or Juvenal's *Sixth Satire* or other ancient pornographic writings. If ancient erotica is crucial to

understand olden times, is our own pornography not worth preserving for future scholars?

Puritans would suppress pornography but, ironically, it was the Puritans in England and the Calvinists on the Continent who created the market for pornography. Bawdy songs, stories, jokes and limericks are as old as mankind and pre-date the churches and governments which try to suppress them. Churches and governments come and go, but sex is always with us—thank heaven! History shows no real effort to stamp out "smut" until the Reformation and Counter-Reformation spread puritanism across Europe and, later, America.

The invention of printing provided a cheap means of publishing material of all kinds, and sexually-oriented books were among the first printed, just as erotic photographs began to spread all over the world only a year after Louis Daguerre announced his discovery of photography in 1832. The Pope quickly began an Index of Prohibited Books, but not, as is commonly believed, to ban erotica. No book has ever been placed on the Index simply because it is obscene; a publication can only achieve that honor if it is anti-Catholic, anti-clerical, or preaches doctrinal heresy. It took the Puritans to make laws against sexually-oriented material.

The early novels were bawdy, but not pornographic. Richardson's *Pamela*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Smolett's *Roderick Random*, Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* and

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Defoe's *Moll Flanders* are sexy enough that later generations called them "filth" (though, at the time of its publication, preachers recommended *Pamela* from pulpits because the heroine held on to her virginity despite numerous assaults on it). In all of those books, sex plays a prominent part, as it does in life. The novels were read aloud, in mixed company, and even Anglican clergymen and their wives praised them. The Puritan divines, however, were not amused. In 1692, they formed a Society for the Reformation of Manners to stamp out prostitution, fight drunkenness and sabbath-breaking and improve virtue by handing out religious tracts. Before long, they got into the business of censorship. By 1725 the Puritans had succeeded in making it a crime to publish an obscene book. The novelists, seeing that the law was being enforced strictly, did the logical thing: they began writing books about life, but leaving out that very important part of life: sex. By the time the Victorians came along, the world was being given sweet, angelic heroines like Lucie Manette in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and heroes like Sherlock Holmes, who seems to have had no sex life at all. To compound the absurdity, people such as Thomas Bowdler began going through Shakespeare and even the Bible to censor all the "dirty" passages. The reverend jackasses had succeeded in creating a non-erotic literature, but also spawned something new: a literature that was totally erotic.

In pornography, women are literally cunts and men are literally pricks. Style, language, and literary devices are irrelevant, as is character development and other literary conventions. The setting may be anywhere, any time, but the action soon centers in one place: the sack, which may be a bed, a field, or even a dungeon. The woman may be a nun, a whore, a virgin, a countess, or anything else; what is important is that she's a woman, and the reader will learn far more about her body than anything else. The man's job, background, social status, intelligence, education, and everything else is equally irrelevant. He is a prick with a body attached. All the things that are important to the non-erotic novel are unimportant in pornography, which exists solely to fill the gaps left by an un-erotic, anti-erotic above-ground literature.

Thus, pornography often tells the scholar how contemporaries interpreted the non-erotic writers of a period. Lord Byron's heroes, like the poet himself, overflowed with sexuality—but they were repressed, guilt-ridden, remorseful, brooding, doomed and filled with conflicts. Quite naturally, in 1828, an anonymous author published a por-

(Continued on page 66)

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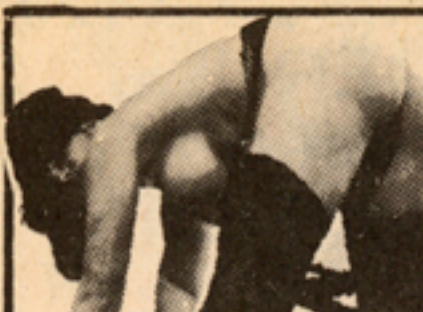
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PAST PORN

(Continued from page 65)

nographic novel called *The Lustful Turk*. The protagonist, "an Algerine Corsair" closely resembles Byron and his heroes, but he is not cursed with a conscience and suffers no hang-ups. The anonymous author liberated the Byronic hero from the prudery of the time. Similarly, the author of *Rosa Fielding, or A Victim of Lust* (1876) borrowed heavily from *Great Expectations*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Vanity Fair*, and other popular novels by Dickens and Thackeray. Stealing characters, places and situations, he sexes them up and seems to say, "Here's what Charlie Dickens and Billy Thackeray, the old prudes, ought to have written! Those characters, in those places and situations, would have fucked!"

It was the courts, pushed by the prudes, who created pornography by outlawing frankness in literature. Ironically, it is another court which issued the ruling which will very likely kill pornography. The U.S. Supreme Court, when it decided that erotica is "legal" if it has redeeming social value, forced pornographers to expand their horizon beyond mere orgasm. Erotic books, films and stage shows have become more "literary." More effort is being put into plot and character. The books, films and plays have messages—other than purely sexual ones. They are striving for better writing and better camera work. At the same time, sex is taking its rightful place in establishment books, films, and plays. Por-

nography and art are moving closer together, and it appears that they are merging. The logical result will be the death of pornography and prudishness and a return to the days of Fielding and Richardson, when sex was treated as a natural thing, a part of life but not all of it.

This sexual revolution is probably the most important event of the twentieth century. Libraries, museums and historical societies are stockpiling materials on the assassinations of Dr. King and the Kennedys, on Vietnam, Watergate and other political events. That's all very well, but political tragedies and crises come and go, and our lives go on pretty much the same. What has changed our lives and is reshaping the world in which we live is the sexual revolution. It is redefining the roles of men and women, changing our perceptions of homosexuals and other sexual minorities, affecting the ways in which we find and enjoy sexual intercourse, how we perceive sexuality and how we relate to other people. It is even having a major effect on that oldest and most basic unit of society: the family.

Those in charge of preserving the past and present for the future ought to be amassing collections of the pornography of the past and the erotica of today. Senator Hughes was partially right. The states *should* build libraries of pornography, but not so that politicians can jerk-off on the taxpayers' money, but so that future generations will be able to learn how we lived in the last half of the twentieth century and how we progressed from Puritanism to where we are now.

SEXTEEN

(Continued from page 39)

this time and it is beginning to show some vague signs of life. Perhaps one more story might do the trick. Yawn.

S&M time. Sarah Nicholson and her kinky girlfriend decide to teach the new French maid, Sue Rowan, a little discipline. So with the help of their male sex slave—appropriately named "Bruno"—they chain the girl to a table and proceed to ram a whip handle up her snatch and a dildo up her ass. After "oohing" and "aahing" with alleged pain, the French maid is next subjected to a double-headed dildo—with one half of it in Sarah Nicholson's twat. The domestic is finally released, and a foursome develops among the three women and silent Bruno. There is an extremely erotic bit here in which Bruno shoots his load to stop-action photography—similar to slow

motion—all the while Sarah is licking up the juices. Sarah, an extremely attractive woman, looks hard as nails. Of course, she is supposed to look butch around the edges for this role, but *Sixteen's* cameraman could probably make Raquel Welch look like Boris Karloff.

Nevertheless, this last story seems to have titillated Mr. Death to the point of not only getting his puny member erect, but of actually having sex with Gwen, although not the type of sex one would automatically envision. Gwen screws him in the ass with a dildo strapped to her waist. And thus, Mr. Death is fucked in the end by our fun-loving couple.

Death, portrayed by someone named Grover Griffith, is so incredibly hammy someone should have covered him with Swiss cheese and rammed him between two slices of rye. Nor, as we have pointed out, does anyone else fare too well in the acting department. But for the record, *Sixteen* did manage to produce a sizeable bulge in this reviewer's trousers—this *jaded* reviewer's trousers—so it can't be all bad.

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